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THE HEBREW ORATORIOS.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE Handel and Haydn Society, Boston, numbers about one thousand voices. We are told that eight thousand children greeted George III. with the National Anthem on the occasion of the thanksgiving for the king's recovery from insanity, and that ten thousand voices sometimes sing at the great Sunday-school festivals in London. The chorus at the last Peace Jubilee held in Boston consisted of some seventeen thousand trained singers, accompanied by several hundred instruments.

These great modern choruses excite our wonder, but they are small in numbers when compared with the Hebrew choirs.

There were made four thousand musical instruments for the Temple service. No modern chorus ever had an accompaniment like that.

The Bible speaks of the mysterious ages when "the morning stars sang together, and the Sons of God shouted for joy." In the early patriarchal age, people had learned to sing, for we are told that Laban under certain circumstances might have sent Jacob away "with songs, with tabret, and with harp." The ancient legend is that the wind, making sweet tones amid the reeds of the Nile, first taught mankind the art of music and the use of musical instruments. So at least began the organ. The horns of animals at a very early age were used for loud instruments. According to the Septuagint version of the book of Daniel, Nebuchadnezzar employed many kinds of music in his

noble city: the Syrinx (pipes of Pan), "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer." All these instruments were used by the early nations.

Before the Deluge there arose a wonderful family devoted to the arts. The father was Lamech, who was a poet. He had two wives, Adah and Zillah. Josephus says that he had seventy-seven sons, and that one of his daughters, Naamah, became such a famous singer that all the world "wondered" after her; thus showing that people in those early times were not greatly different in this respect from the world to-day.

Lamech had three wonderful sons:

Jabal, "the father of such as dwell in tents," the first architect.

Tubal-cain, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," the first scientific inventor.

Jubal, "the father of such as handle the harp and organ."

Egyptian antiquity is full of the praise of music. The Hebrews learned the use of new instruments there. Miriam sang in triumph when Pharoah was overthrown, and her song is one of the noblest of early Hebrew history.

Shepherds played the pipe under the shady trees by cool wells of water. The organ, a few reeds arranged for the mouth, was played to picturesque groups about the tents. The cymbal was used on occasions of triumph, and the harp at the festivals.

So music arose and the love of it grew. Then appeared David, the shepherd boy, with the divine art glowing within him. He wrote sacred cantatas, inspired oratorios, for such the Psalms were. He arranged the music for the national festivals, and organized the greatest choirs and choruses the world has ever seen. His first great oratorio was probably written for the occasion of the triumphal procession that brought the ark to Zion. We are told: "All Israel brought up the ark of the covenant of the Lord with shouting, and with sound of the cornet, and with trumpets, and with cymbals, making a noise with psalteries and harps." Asaph led the choirs; and one of the majestic chorals on the occasion is recorded in 1 Chron. xvi. Another psalm has been thought to belong to this occasion, and indicates how dramatic such occasions must have been. Approaching the holy city, or one of its holy places, the procession with its festival decorations, numerous musicians, and glittering priests, is sup-

posed to have paused at the gates. Inside of the gates, a great choir is believed to have chanted:

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof: the world, and they that dwell therein."

Presently the grand procession, or their leaders, exclaim:

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place?"

To which the waiting priests make answer as in Psalm xxiv.

Then the halting procession shout forth:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in."

The priests on the inside of the gates ask:

"Who is the king of glory?"

To which the people respond:

"The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle."

At the close of the sacred cantata the gates were opened. It is not certain this was the time and manner of the cantata, but it is given this place and an arrangement like this in tradition, and the dialogue suggests such an occasion.

The preparations for the building of the temple prepared the way for the grandest choral services the world has ever heard. The choirs of Asaph and of Korah were formed. The skilled musicians were divided into twenty-four sections of twelve each, and the most lofty and devout poems were composed by David for the Asaphian and Korahite choirs. Eleven psalms were dedicated to the choir of Korah: 42, 44, 49, 84, 85, 87, 88. When all the Levites joined in the chorus at the great festivals, and the people responded; when the priests moved on in stately procession amid the blare of trumpets and the clashing of cymbals, and paused amid the sweet tones of psalteries and harps, the scene must have been most sublime.

But how magnificent must have been the choral service in the temple in the days of Solomon and Hezekiah! Read the description of the musical service in II Chronicles v. 11-14. The two great Hallels were now arranged. The Egyptian Hallel consisted of Psalms cxiii-cxviii. It was sung at the Passover. Psalms cxv. and cxvi. were sung at the last cup of the Passover, and this is supposed to have been the hymn that Christ and his disciples sang at the institution of the Lord's Supper.

The scene of the great musical jubilee was the Feast of Taber-

nacles. It was the Harvest Feast. For a week the Jewish nation dwelt in Jerusalem in booths made of evergreens and beautifully decorated with fruits and flowers. On this occasion the great Hallel was sung. It consisted of Psalms cxxiii. to cxxxvi. Lulabs made of twigs of the willow were waved during the singing of the choruses. Thousands of priests and hundreds of thousands of people united in the praise. In the midst of the oratorio, water was drawn from the Pool of Siloam, and the priests in a gorgeous procession ascended to the high altar and poured it out before the people. It was at this feast that Christ said: "*I am the water of life.*"

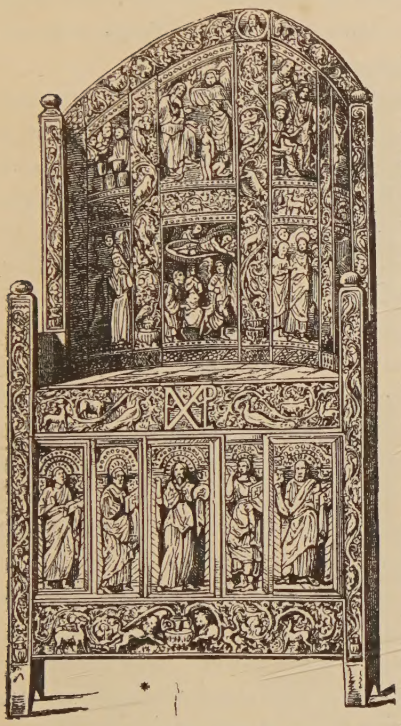
After the return from the captivity, Psalm cvii. was the text of the great oratorio; and after the triumphs of Judas Maccabeus the Feast of Lights became a part of the Harvest celebration.

How animated must have been the scene at this musical festival on the approach of night, when the Feast of Lights was to be celebrated! Let us imagine the scene. In the green booths that cover the housetops, courts of the city, and near hillsides, all is preparation. Golden lamps, like basins, glimmer high above the open court of the temple. They are filled with oil, and the wicks are the cast-off garments of the priests.

The purple twilight loses its warmth and glow, and it becomes cool and dark. Up light ladders go the acolytes to the golden basins, and presently eight great lights blaze over the city. At the same time the thousands of evergreen booths are lighted, and all the city seems to burst into flame. Men dance to jubilant music in the court of women, tossing flambeaux into the air. Gamaliel, the grave doctor of the law, is said to have been a most skilful dancer on such occasions, and to have most dexterously used the flambeaux in his movements. Each man danced independently, to strains of music that proclaimed the bountiful gifts of the harvest.

Midnight comes. The Feast of Lights is a blaze of glory; the music dies away in the air. The people rest. Another cantata will be performed on the morrow. Trumpets will hail the red light of morning, and viols the purple of evening. Such were the great Hebrew oratorios. We but imperfectly know how the Hebrew music was written or arranged. But we may be certain that composers who could write such sublime poetry as the Psalms, were not unskilful in producing musical effects.

EARLY ART AND SYMBOLISM.



IVORY CHAIR OF BISHOP MAXIMIANUS, RAVENNA.

WE know of nothing which, after religion, so adds to the enjoyment of life, as an intelligent appreciation of art. And not merely to its enjoyment, but also to its instruction. The art of any age is an outgrowth of an internal living principle, and as is the tree, so is its fruit. The iconography of any period is a pictorial history of its intellectual and religious development. And the eye that has learned the language of art can read clearly many things which a superficial observation altogether overlooks. At the present time, therefore, when by means of travel, of local art-galleries, of pictures and photographs, one may become acquainted with all the master-pieces of the ages in every land, it is highly desirable that a more general art culture should be diffused than ever before.

It is in recognition of this fact, we suppose, that the Council of Instruction of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle —the most effective organization that we know for the higher education of the people—have introduced into the course of reading for the present year the study of art. Heretofore the apparatus for such study has been quite inaccessible to the masses. Art collections have, in this New World, been few and meagre, and such books as Mrs. Jameson's Sacred and Legendary Art, Woltmann and Woermann's History of Painting, and Lubke's History of Art, have cost from fifteen to thirty dollars each. But

now art collections are found in almost every city; photography has brought to almost every home copies of the great art works of the world; and, we suppose, the demand of the C. L. S. C. for such a book has created the supply in the issue, by the publishing house of Dodd, Mead & Co., of Miss Julia B. De Forest's Short History of Art, on which the present paper is based.*

This book is compiled principally from the large and sumptuous works of Lubke and Woltmann and Woerman, and presents in a single volume the best short history of architecture, sculpture, and painting that we know, in the English or in any other language. Through the courtesy of the publishers, we have received copies of eighteen of the two hundred and fifty-two engravings of this book. From these our readers may see the rich art treat the volume contains. It is admirably adapted for use in High Schools and Colleges, where we would like to see the fascinating study of art take the place of some of the more dry and irksome subjects, which will be of little use except to mere specialists. Young ladies will learn more of the true principles of art from these pages than by much expensive daubing in oils or "pastel," and will find their mental horizon greatly widened, and their enjoyment of nature as well as art greatly heightened.

Our author begins with an account of the colossal architecture and strange plastic and graphic art of Egypt and Assyria, with its suggestions of awe and majesty and power. She then proceeds to the graceful and elegant art of Greece, which, in the structural beauty and perfection of its architecture has never been surpassed. The stern simplicity of the Doric, the graceful dignity of the Ionic, and the exquisite beauty of the Corinthian architecture, completely satisfy the eye and mind. Probably no nobler group of buildings was ever erected on the earth than that which crowned the Acropolis at Athens, of which the shattered remains fill the mind at once with delight at their beauty and with regret at their ruin. The cut on the opposite page represents a restoration of this majestic pile. A broad winding road leads between two flights of steps, up to the splendid gate of the

* This book will be furnished by the publisher, or by the Rev. William Briggs, Toronto, for $2—to members of the C. L. S. C. for $1.50. Lubke's magnificent History of Art, by the same publishers, in two 8vo volumes of 1280 pages, with 550 engravings, has been reduced from $15 to $7.50, and will be supplied by Rev. William Briggs, Toronto.

Propylæa, the open colonades of which rise between the walls of the two wings. On the right, boldly enthroned on the rocky height, stands the exquisite structure of the Parthenon, while over the roof of the gate stands the colossal statue of Pallas Athene, chiselled by the matchless art of Phideas.

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS, RESTORED.

The exquisite taste of the Greeks was seen in the form and ornamentation of the most prosaic articles for daily use—in the very furniture of their houses and the earthen jars for storing wine. The vase shown on page 489, by its elegant contour, its tasteful bands of Greek fret, and the statuesque grace and beauty of the figures, is but the type of thousands which abound in every museum in Europe.

Passing from Greece to the Italian peninsula, we are met at the outset by the strange art of the primitive Etruscan people. Their principal remains are their tombs, and a great multitude of elegant bronzes and articles of personal adornment. In the engraving on page 490, is seen one of these subterranean tombs, with its Egyptian-looking pillars, its niches for the dead, and its strange mural paintings. The subjects of these paintings were scenes from every-day life, such as dances, hunts, banquets, and representations of the worship of the dead, of funeral ceremonies, or of the condition of the soul after death.

The contrast between the genius of the Greek and Roman people is very striking. The former were an essentially artistic, the latter a political race. "The Greeks," says Lubke, "conquered the world by beauty, the Romans by state-craft. The Greeks were an ideal people, the Romans thoroughly realistic." "Among the Greeks," says Miss De Forest, "the outward form revealed the internal structure of a building. Their architectural decorations, like the drapery of their statues, served to show off to better advantage the grace or strength of that which they concealed. The Romans took the prominent features of their construction from the Etruscans, *i.e.*, the arch and vault, and adding to them the Greek column and entablature, produced a system of architecture that, in spite of all its magnificence, never became an organic whole." Yet practical good sense and executive ability are everywhere shown in the construction of their buildings. They produced nothing as exquisitely perfect as the Parthenon, but the Greeks produced nothing as practically useful as the great Roman bridges, baths, and palaces, nor as sublime as the Pantheon, nor as vast as the Coliseum. The adoption of the arch enabled the Romans to span much wider spaces than was possible in Greek architecture, and to add story after story to their buildings, till, in arcade beyond arcade, they towered like the Flavian Amphitheatre, cliff-like, one hundred and fifty feet in air. The Romans conquered the world, and everywhere left the impress of their power in the great roads and time-defying structures they created. In Gaul, in Spain, in Germany, even in distant Britain, in the passes of the Alps, in Dacian forests, amid Syrian deserts, in the rock defiles of Petra, and in the majestic ruins of Palmyra, we find the monuments of Roman skill and Roman power.

In sculpture they played the part rather of patrons of art than of artists themselves. Of the countless antique statues found in Italy, the most, and certainly the best, are the product of the Greek chisel. Instead of the ideal forms of Greek loveliness, however, these stern patrons demanded the production of realistic figures—portrait-statues of Emperors, statesmen, warriors, clad in robes of office or in armour. Their painting partook of the

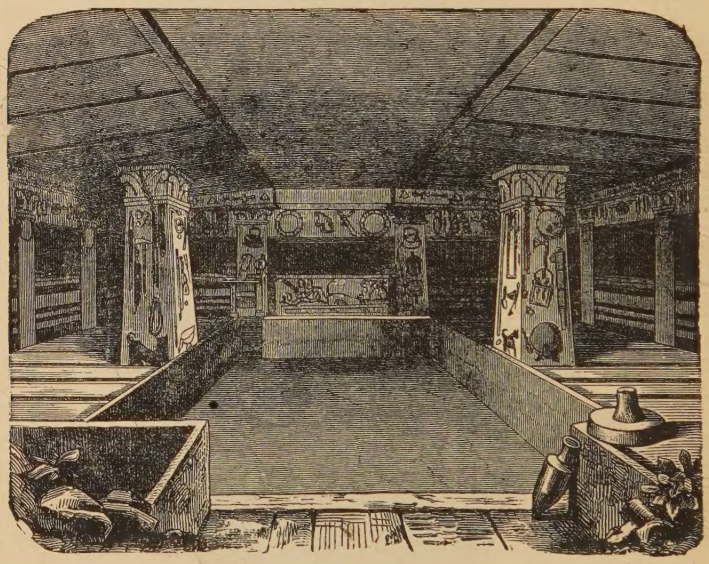
Greek Vase.

same character, although of it little remains but the mere artizan work of the wall-decorators of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

The conditions under which Christian art was cultivated in the early centuries, were eminently unfavourable to its highest development. It was not, like pagan art, the æsthetic exponent of a dominant religion. There was no place in the Christian system for such representations as the glorious sun-god Apollo, or the lovely Aphrodite, or the sublime majesty of Jove, which are still

the unapproached *chefs-d'œuvre* of the sculptor's skill. The beautiful myths of Homer and Hesiod were regarded with abhorrence; and the Christian converts from paganism shrank, as from sacrilege, from any representation of the supreme object of their worship.

Nevertheless the testimony of the Catacombs gives evidence that art was not, as has frequently been asserted, entirely abjured by the primitive believers on account of its idolatrous employment by the pagans. They rather adopted and purified it for Christian purposes, just as they did the diverse elements of ancient civilization. The frescoes of these subterannean crypts



Etruscan Tomb at Cervetri.

are illustrations, inestimable in value, of the pure and lofty character of that primitive Christianity of which they were the offspring. The very intensity of that old Christian life under repression and persecution created a more imperious necessity for religious symbolism, as an expression of its deepest feelings, and as a common sign of the faith. Early Christian art, therefore, was not realistic and sensuous, but ideal and spiritual. Of the unknown artists of the Catacombs, may it be said :—

> "They never moved their hand
> Till they had steeped their inmost soul in prayer."

The primitive believers had not so much to create the principles of art as to adapt an art already existent to the expression of Christian thought. Like the neophyte converts from heathenism, pagan art had to be baptized into the service of Christianity. "The germs of a new life," says Dr. Lubke, "were in embyro in the dying antique world. Ancient art was the garment in which the young and world-agitating ideas of Christianity were compelled to veil themselves."

The art of the Catacombs thus sprang out of that which was pre-existing, selecting and adapting what was congenial in spirit, and rigorously rejecting whatever savoured of idolatry or of the sensual character of ancient heathen life. As Christianity was diametrically opposed to paganism in spirit, so its art was singularly free from pagan error. Pagan art, a genius with drooping wing and torch reversed, stood at the door of death, but cast no light upon the world beyond. Christian art, inspired with lofty faith, pierced through the veil of sense—beyond the shadows of time—and beheld the pure spirit soaring above the grave, "as essence rising from an alembic, in which all the grosser qualities of matter are left behind." Hence only images of hope and tender joy are employed. There is no symptom of the despair of paganism, scarce even of natural sorrow.

Primitive Christianity was eminently congenial to religious symbolism. Born in the East and in the bosom of Judaism, which had long been familiar with this universal Oriental language, it adopted types and emblems as its natural mode of expression. They formed the warp and woof of the symbolic drapery of the tabernacle and temple service, pre-figuring the great truths of the Gospel. The primitive Christians, therefore, naturally adopted a similar mode of art expression for the purpose of religious instruction. They also, as a necessary precaution, in times of persecution, concealed from the profane gaze of their enemies the mysteries of the faith under a veil of symbolism, which yet revealed their profoundest truths to the hearts of the initiated. To those who possessed the key to the "Christian hieroglyphs," as Raoul Rochette has called them, they spoke a language that the most unlettered as well as the learned could understand. What to the haughty heathen was an unmeaning scrawl, to the lowly believer was eloquent of loftiest truths and tenderest consolation.

Although occasionally fantastic and far-fetched, this symbolism is generally of a profoundly religious significance, and often of extreme poetic beauty. In perpetual canticle of love, it finds resemblances of the Divine object of its devotion throughout all nature. It beholds, beyond the shadows of time, the eternal verities of the world to come. It is not of the earth, earthy, but is entirely super-sensual in its character; and employs material forms only as suggestions of the unseen and spiritual. It

CEILING PAINTING, FROM CATACOMB OF ST. CALIXTUS, ROME.

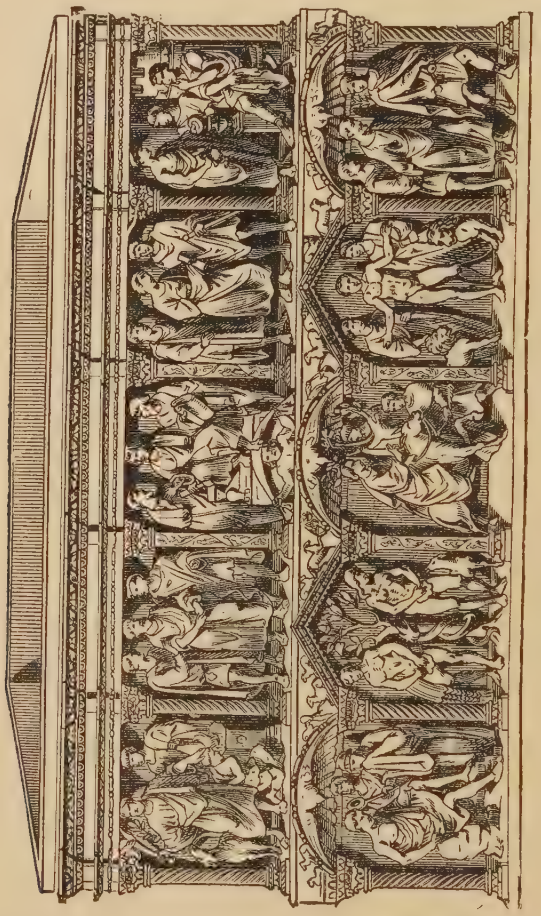
addresses the inner vision of the soul, and not the mere outer sense. Its merit consists, therefore, not in artistic beauty of execution, but in appositeness of religious significance—a test lying far too deep for the apprehension of the uninitiated. It was, perhaps, also influenced, as Kugler remarks, in the avoidance of realistic representation, by the fear which pervaded the primitive Church, of any approach to idolatry.

Some of the Christian symbols, indeed, were common also to pagan art, as the palm, the crown, the ship, and others; but they acquired, under Christian treatment, a profounder and nobler meaning than they ever possessed before. Moreover, there are other and more striking examples of the adoption, when appropriate to Christian themes, of subjects from pagan art. Orpheus charming the wild beasts with his lyre is a frequently recurring figure in the Catacombs, and is referred to by the early Fathers as a type of the influence of Christ in subduing the evil dispositions of the heart, and drawing all men to Himself by the sweet persuasive power of His divine word. See engraving on page 492.

But Christian art did not servilely follow pagan types. It introduced new forms to express new ideas. It created a symbolical cycle of especially Christian significance. Of these symbols—the dove, the anchor, the ship, the fish, the Good Shepherd, and many others, we have elsewhere given a detailed account. It remains to notice briefly the remarkable series of Biblical paintings with which the crypts of the Catacombs and the sarcophagi, or stone coffins, of the more wealthy early Christians, were adorned. In the margin of the engraving on page 492, is shown, alternating with pastoral scenes, representations of Moses striking the rock, David with his sling, Daniel in the lion's den, and our Lord raising Lazarus. These are extremely rude in style; in the the last subject Lazarus is shown as a mummy-like figure standing at the entrance of an open tomb.

In the large and handsome sarcophagus of Junius Bassus, now in the vaults of St. Peter at Rome, further Biblical types are represented, but there is no attempt made at proper chronological arrangement. Beginning at the upper left hand corner, we have the sacrifice of Isaac, with a hand stretched out from the sky to stay Abraham's knife. The next group is probably the arrest of our Lord. In the central compartment, He is shown as a boy disputing with the doctors; under His feet is a personification of the earth—a conception borrowed from pagan art. The meaning of the next group is not so apparent. It is, probably, Christ witnessing a good confession before Pontius Pilate, who, in the last group, admonished by his wife, seen in the background, is about to wash his hands from the guilt of the judicial murder of our Lord. In the second row we have first the afflictions of Job. The complaint of the patriarch that even his wife abhorred his

breath—for so the Vulgate renders Job xix. 17—is grotesquely illustrated by a female figure holding a napkin to her nose. The next shows the fall of our first parents, between whom is seen the tree of life, around which twines the tempting serpent. The lamb and wheat sheaf are symbols that Eve's future work is to spin wool, and Adam's to till the ground. The next group shows



Sarcophagus of Junius Bassus, Rome.

our Lord riding through Jericho, and saying to Zacchæus in the tree top: "Make haste to come down; for to-day I must abide in thy house." The next group shows Daniel in the lion's den, and the last is probably our Lord led by Roman soldiers to His crucifixion. In the spandrels of the arches, lambs are naively represented as enacting Biblical scenes. The first is the fiery

furnace of Nebuchadnezzar; second, the striking of the rock in Horeb; third, the multiplying the loaves; fourth, the baptism of Christ; fifth, the giving of the law; and the sixth, the raising of Lazarus.*

One of the most striking circumstances which impresses the observer in traversing these silent chambers of the dead, is the complete avoidance of all those images of suffering and woe, or of tragic awfulness, such as abound in sacred art above ground. There are no representations of the sevenfold sorrows of the *Mater Dolorosa*, nor cadaverous Magdalens, accompanied as a perpetual *memento mori* by eyeless skulls. There are no pictures of Christ's agony and bloody sweat, of His cross and passion, His death and burial; nor of flagellations, tortures, and fiery pangs of martyrdom, such as those that harrow the soul in many of the churches and galleries of Rome. Only images of joy and peace abound on every side. These sombre crypts are a school of Christian love, of gentle charity, of ennobling thoughts, and elevating impulses.

Of about the year 550 is the magnificent ivory chair of Bishop Maximianus of Ravenna, shown in our initial cut. It is entirely covered with carvings, somewhat after the manner of the sarcophagus of Junius Bassus. The vine-like friezes, with their lions, deer, peacocks, etc., exhibit much artistic feeling. The central group above is the creation of Eve from the side of the sleeping Adam; that to the right is the adoration of the Magi. In the centre of the next row is Joseph warned in a dream to fly into Egppt, and the flight with the Virgin Mother guided by an angel. Five saints occupy the front of the chair; above the centre one is the monogram of Maximianus. Other groups represent the history of Joseph.

With the age of persecution, the child-like and touching simplicity of Christian art ceased. Called from the gloomy vaults of the Catacombs to adorn the churches erected by Constantine and his successors, it gradually developed to the many-coloured splendour of the magnificent frescoes and mosaics of the basilicas. It became more and more personal and historical, and less abstract and doctrinal.

* See also sarcophagus on p. 357, and frescoes on p. 363 of the April number of this magazine, with accompanying explanations.

With the decline of art and the corruption of Christianity, the beautiful early type disappeared, and a more austere and solemn expression was given to pictures of Christ. Although the technical means of execution were diminished, and the rendering

MOSAICS FROM STS. COSMO AND DAMIAN AT ROME, A.D. 359

of form became more and more incorrect, yet for powerful effect, strength of character, and depth of feeling, Christian art exhibited resources beyond anything to be found in the Catacombs.*

* The symbols of the four evangelists—the angel, lion, ox, and eagle—are unknown in the Catacombs, and first appear in the fourth century.

It burst the narrow limits in which it was there confined, and found ample scope in the stately basilicas which were everywhere rising. In those vast and shadowy interiors the principal figure was that of Christ, surrounded by saints and angels, looking down upon the worshippers with awe-inspiring power, holding in His left hand the Book of Life, and raising His right in solemn menace or warning. The technical manipulation became less understood, and the artistic conception of form more and more feeble, till it gradually petrified into the formal and immobile types which characterize Byzantine art.

The vast mosaic filling the vaulted apse of the Church of Sts. Cosmo and Damian, at Rome, represented on page 496, is a characteristic example of this transition art. The somewhat intractable material—an infinite number of small bits of coloured glass or stone—give a stiffness of treatment and austere aspect to the figures which are very impressive. The date of this mosaic is about 530 A.D. The figure of our Lord, of grave and solemn aspect, and crowned with a nimbus, is supported by gold-edged clouds.* He holds in His left hand the roll of the Book of Life, and the right is stretched out in majestic command. St. Peter and St. Paul are conducting St. Cosmo and St. Damian, bearing their crowns of martyrdom, to our Lord. To the left, Pope Felix IV. holds a model of the church, and is thus indicated as its founder. To the right, St. Theodore—a restoration of later date—also bears his martyr crown. On the palm to the left is the phœnix—the emblem of immortality. Below, a lamb with a nimbus, the emblem of Christ, stands on a rock in the river Jordan. Twelve lambs, personifications of His disciples, approach Him from the cities of Jerusalem and Bethlehem on either side.

The type of Christ became more and more rigid and austere as the gathering shadows of the Dark Ages mantled on the minds of men. The gloomy asceticism of the monastic orders also left

Sometimes these symbols have reference to the four historic aspects of redemption through Christ—the Incarnation, Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension, as explained in the following monkish rhymes :

> Quatuor haec Dominum signant animalia Christum :
> Est homo nascendo, Vitulusque sacer moriendo,
> Et Leo surgendo, cœlos Aquilaque petendo.

* The background is blue, but in later examples it is of lustrous gold, and is very impressive.

its impress on the art of the period, especially in the East, where the Basilian monks too faithfully illustrated the austere judgments of their founder concerning the person of Christ. The rudeness of execution of this Byzantine school was only equalled by the meanness of conception of the harsh, stiff, and blackened portraits of our Lord, in which He was represented as emphatically "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

The goblet of Duke Tassilo, of date about 788, illustrates this tendency. At the foot are half figures of four saints, while on the upper part Christ and the Evangelists appear. The letters I.S.A.Ω., are to be read, Jesus, the Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last.

TASSILO'S GOBLET, A.D. 788.

Towards the close of the tenth century, art sank into its deepest degradation as the long night of the Dark Ages reached its densest gloom. The year one thousand was regarded in popular apprehension as the date of the end of time, and the final conflagration of the world, so intensely realized in the sublime hymn,—

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla.

The excited imagination of mankind, brooding upon the approaching terrors of the Last Day, found expression in the sombre character of the art of the period. The tender grace of the Good Shepherd of the Catacombs gave place to the stern inexorable Judge, blasting the wicked with a glance and treading down the nations in His fury. Christ was no longer the Divine Orpheus, charming with the music of his lyre the souls of men, and breathing peace and benediction from His lips, but the "*Rex*

tremendæ majestatis," a dread Avenger, striking the imagination with awe, and awakening alarm and remorse in the soul. All the stern denunciations of the Hebrew prophets, and the weird imagery of the Apocalypse, found intensely realistic treatment in art. Christ smites the earth with a curse, and consumes the wicked like stubble. "A fire goeth before Him, and burneth up His enemies round about." The great white throne is set, and from beneath it a flame bursts forth, devouring the guilty objects of His wrath. Like an angry Jove, He hurls the thunderbolts of His fury, and blasts with the lightning of His power. The angels tremble in terror at His frown, and even the intercession of the Virgin Mother avails not to mitigate the dread displeasure of her Divine Son. Down to the period of the Renaissance, the tragic scenes of the Last Judgment continue to be favourite subjects in art, and exhibit some of its most remarkable achievements; but not all the genius of Orcagna or of Michael Angelo can reconcile our minds to the savage sternness and ferocity of the frescoes of the Campo Santo and the Sistine Chapel.

It was long before the most audacious pencil dared to represent in painting or sculpture the omnipotent Jehovah, or the infinite Spirit, who sustains and pervades the universe. M. Emeric David says the French artists of the ninth century had first the "happy boldness"—*heureuse hardiesse*—to depict the Eternal Father under human form. M. Didron asserts that it was not till the twelfth century that the Divine Being was personally represented, being previously invariably indicated by the symbol of a hand,* or by the divine name written in a triangle surrounded by a circle. Previous at least to the earlier of these dates, the work of creation and other acts popularly regarded as proper to the Father, are always represented as performed by the Son, "who is the image of the invisible God," "by whom, also, He made the worlds." Christ is also painted as commanding Noah to build the ark, as conversing with Abraham, and as speaking to Moses out of the burning bush. He is frequently

* Ezekiel thus speaks of the manifestation of God by a "hand sent unto him." Ezek. ii. 9. The inspiration of Isaiah and the Divine judgments inflicted on Ananias and Sapphira are thus indicated. In a Greek painting at Salamis, executed as late as the eighteenth century, the souls of the righteous in a state of beatitude are represented by five infant figures held in a gigantic hand, projecting from the clouds.

represented, also, in the gigantic frescoes of the Byzantine domes, clothed with awful majesty and bearing the title, Ο ΠΑΝΤΟΚΡΑΤΩΡ, or, The Almighty; but the addition of the letters, $\overline{\text{IC XC}}$, the contraction for Jesus Christ, assure us that it is not the Father but the Son who is meant.

But the literal conception of the age was not content with a symbolical indication of the Deity. By degrees the arm as well as the hand was portrayed, and art, gradually growing bolder,

God the Father, the Virgin Mary, and John the Baptist, Altar Piece, Church of St. Bavon, Ghent.

attempted the representation of that face which inspiration declares no man can see and live. But at first it is the face alone that is shown. Then, with progressive daring, the bust and upper part of the body are painted as reaching forth from the clouds, and finally the entire figure appears under various

aspects and in different characters. The Almighty is represented armed with sword and bow as the God of battles, as crowned like a king or emperor, and finally as Pope, wearing the pontifical tiara and vestments.

In the large engraving on the opposite page, of the great altar-piece by Hubert Van Eyck, in the Church of St. Bavon in Ghent, God the Father is represented, crowned with the triple Papal tiara, bearing a sceptre, and with His right hand raised in benediction. He is enveloped in the folds of a superb crimson and pearl-embroidered mantle. The expression is benignant, and the whole figure impressively solemn. To the left sits the Virgin Mary, in her traditional robe of blue, on her head a diadem, her long fair hair flowing over her shoulders. To the right is the venerable figure of John the Baptist, his camel's hair coat appearing beneath a splendid mantle of green. Beneath this striking group is a noble picture of the Adoration of the Lamb, an exquisite master-piece of Flemish art.*

The omnipotent Jehovah is sometimes represented as "the Ancient of Days," under the form of a feeble old man bowed down by the weight of years, and fain to seek support by leaning heavily on a staff, or reposing on a couch after the labours of creation.† The treatment becomes more and more rude, even to the borders of the grotesque,‡ and the conception becomes mean, coarse, and vulgar, till all the Divine departs, and only human feebleness remains, indicating at once the degradation of taste, decline of piety, and corruption of doctrine.

* A fine copy of this is in the Art Gallery of the Normal School, Toronto (south wall of east room). It was on the *fête* of the Assumption of the Virgin that the present writer studied these famous paintings in the Church of St. Bavon, at Ghent. A procession of priests in crimson and purple and gold, accompanied by vergers with crosses, halberds, and maces, and peasants in blue blouses and wooden shoes, passed through the aisles, while the deep-toned organ shook the solid walls. It was like a scene from the middle ages.

† In an example figured on page 359 of Withrow's Catacombs, the everlasting Father, throned in glory, crowned in a quintuple tiara and robed in alb and tunic, supports a cross on which hangs the lifeless body of the Divine Son. On mediæval symbolism, Didron's *Iconographie Chrètienne* is a perfect mine of information.

‡ We have seen a picture of the Creation, in which the Almighty was represented as a feeble old man, dressed in ecclesiastical robes, *with a lantern in His hand.*

But this grossness of treatment reaches its most offensive development in the impious attempt to represent the sublime mystery of the Holy Trinity by a grotesque figure with three heads, or a head with three faces joined together, somewhat after the manner of the three-headed image of Brahma, in the Hindoo mythology. In other examples the Trinity is represented by three harsh, stiff aged figures, identified by the attributes of the tiara, cross, and dove, enveloped in one common mantle, and jointly crowning the Virgin Mary in heaven, whose flowing train the angels humbly bear. By this degradation of Deity and exaltation of Mary, we may mark the infinite divergence in faith and practice of the modern Church of Rome from the simplicity, purity, and orthodoxy of the ancient Church of the Catacombs. Thus art, which is the daughter of paganism, relapsing into the service of superstition, has corrupted and often paganized Christianity, as Solomon's heathen wives turned his heart from the worship of the true God to the practice of idolatry.*

Another paper will discuss mediæval art and architecture, with numerous fine engravings of the most famous art creations of Europe.

LEAD THOU US ON.

JESUS, day by day
Lead us on life's way:
Nought of danger will we reckon,
Simply haste where Thou dost beckon;
Lead us by the hand
To our Fatherland.

Thus our path shall be
Daily traced by Thee;
Draw Thou nearer when 'tis rougher,
Help us most when most we suffer,
And when all is o'er
Ope to us thy door.

—*Zinzendorf.*

* Lecky attributes this degradation of art to the latent Manicheism of the dark ages, to the monkish fear of beauty as a deadly temptation, and later, to the terrible pictures of Dante, which opened up such an abyss of horrors to the imagination.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, D.D.

HARK ! the bells of Christmas ringing !
All abroad their echoes flinging !
Wider still and wider winging
On the waste of wint'ry air—
On their solemn, swift vibrations,
Rapture, rapture through the nations !
Rapture, till their glad pulsations
Million blissful bosoms share !

Every bell to every hammer
Answers with a joyous clamour—
Answers, till from out the glamour
Of the ages far and dim,
Till from Bethlehem's stable lowly,
Fair as moonrise, opening slowly,
Streams of radiance pure and holy
Down the brightening centuries swim.

Then the bells ring fine and tender;
And from out that far-off splendour,
Veiled in light no dreams could lend her,
Lo, the virgin mother mild,
Pale from guiltless pain unspoken,
Calm in faith's deep trust unbroken,
Bright with heaven's unconscious token,
Bends above her wondrous Child!

Still the bells ring, softly, sweetly,
Mingling all their chimes so meetly,
Trancing all my soul completely,
Till the rosy clouds divide;
And o'er Bethlehem's mountain hoary
Bursts a strange celestial glory,
Swells a sweet, seraphic story,
Trembling o'er the pastures wide!

Glory! Glory! God descending,
Weds with man in bliss unending!
Hark! the' ecstatic choirs attending
Smite their lyres with tempest sound!
Shout! Old Discord's reign is riven!
Peace on earth! good-will is given!
Shout the joy through highest heaven!
Make the crystal spheres resound!

Earth's sad wails of woe and wrangling,—
Like wild bells in night-storms jangling,
Now their jarring tones untangling
In some deep, harmonious rhyme,—
Touched by Love's own hand supernal,
Hush their dissonance infernal,
Catch the rhythmic march eternal,
Throbbing through the pulse of time.

Lo, the Babe, where, glad, they found him,
By the chrismal light that crowned him!
See the shaggy shepherds round him,
Round his manger, kneeling low!
See the star-led Magi speeding,
Priest and scribe the record reading,
Craft and hate each omen heeding,
Brooding swift the direful blow!

Vain the wrath of kings conspiring;
Vain the malice demons firing;
On the nations, long desiring,
Lo, at last, the Day-star shines!
Earth shall bless the hour that bore him;
Unborn empires fall before him,
Unknown climes and tribes adore him
In ten thousand tongues and shrines.

Hark! the Christmas bells, resounding,
Earth's old jargon all confounding!
Round the world their tumult, bounding,
Spreads Immanuel's matchless fame!
Million hands their offerings bringing,
Million hearts around him clinging,
Million tongues hosanna singing,
Swell the honours of his name!

Crown him, monarchs, seers, and sages!
Crown him, bards, in deathless pages!
Crown him King of all the ages!
Let the mighty anthem rise!
Hark! the crash of tuneful noises!
Hark! the children's thrilling voices!
Hark! the world in song rejoices,
Till the chorus shakes the skies!

Living Christ, o'er sin victorious,
Dying Lamb, all-meritorious,
Rising God, forever glorious,
Take our songs and hearts, we pray.
May we, thee by faith descrying,
On thy death for life relying,
Rise to rapture never-dying,
Rise with thee in endless day.

SCRIPTURAL HOLINESS AND THE SPECIAL FITNESS OF METHODIST MEANS OF GRACE TO PROMOTE IT.*

BY THE REV. J. P. NEWMAN, D.D.

GOD declares in His Word that "without *holiness* no man shall see the Lord." A condition so absolute in its character and so important in its results demands of us the utmost precision in definition. What is Scriptural holiness? Can we reach its germinal idea? May we rely upon divine aid to ascertain the mind of the Spirit? Holiness is an inspired term which does not appear to indicate any particular virtue, nor all the virtues combined, as it does the recoil of a pure soul from the commission of sin. In its radical sense it seems to be a peculiar affection wherewith a being of perfect virtue regards moral evil. In a word, it is evidently the abiding *abhorrence* of whatever a holy God has forbidden. "Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil." No severer test than this can be applied to our spiritual condition. No penance, no devotion, no charity can equal the scrutiny of such a test. No profession, no zeal, no rapture, is comparable to it. The Father's eulogy of His Son, and the reason He assigns for the Son's eternal kingship, is, "Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." In this hatred of sin and love of holiness is the deep significance of the command, "Ye shall be holy; for I, the Lord your God, am holy." In this transcendent sense is the holiness of God the type and measure of the holiness of man.

If from the old dispensation we pass to the new, we find that holiness therein also implies a state of purity and an act of obedience. Christ is the only religious teacher known to man who demands of His people a moral condition antecedent to the act. He goes behind the act, behind the motive, behind the thought, and takes cognizance of that moral state out of which all these spring as the effects of a persistent cause. His doctrine is, that what we think and feel and do are expressions of char-

*An essay read before the Methodist Œcumenical Conference in London, September 9.

acter which lies deeper than the will, deeper than the affections, deeper than the conscience; that this character is man in his modes of thought, in his emotional transitions, in the trend of his passional being; that this character is the sum of what a man is in all his appetites, passions, tendencies; and that out of this character issue man's totality and finality. If God is not a respecter of persons, He is of character, and that He has foreordained unto eternal life.

Christ's demand for a moral condition antecedent to all mental and physical action, is in harmony with the order of nature. There is a passive state of our muscular force and intellectual powers upon which the active depends, and of which the active is the living expression. If the arm is strong to defend, there must be health in the muscles thereof. If the faculties of the mind respond to the will, there must be latent vigour in the intellect. Man's moral nature is both passive and active, and experience is in proof, that as is the passive so is the active. If the affections respond only to objects of purity, if the conscience only to the voice of right, if the will only to the call of duty, there must be inherent purity and strength in all our moral powers when quiescent. This is the glorious significance of our Lord's words: "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me"—nothing in my nature or spirit, nothing in my thoughts or motives, nothing in my desires or purposes, nothing in my appetites or passions, nothing in my words or deeds, for underlying all these is my state of purity.

Christ is the Saviour and sovereign of the heart, wherein He incarnates holiness. He must be at the fountain-head of life, that the issues thereof may be divine. This is the high import of His Sermon on the Mount, when He opened His mouth and taught the people, saying, "Blessed are the pure in heart," implying an antecedent state of purity. He consents that the law is founded on the eternal distinctions of right and wrong, including in their essence every vice and virtue known to our race, commanding what ought to be done, and forbidding what ought not to be done. He commands the external observance of the Ten Commandments, but He searches as with the candle of the Lord for the secret of the heart. Hence, He pronounces him a murderer who hates his brother; an adulterer, whose look is lascivious; a perjurer, whose oath is unnecessary. And, there-

fore, He demands that self-abnegation shall take the place of equivalent revenge; that love shall span both friend and foe; that charity shall serve in modest secrecy; that prayer shall be offered in holy solitude; that fasting shall be a private self-denial; and all this to fulfil the command, "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect."

In this evangelical sense, and as lying back of this hatred of sin and this state of purity, holiness is the readjustment of our whole nature, whereby the inferior appetites and propensities are subordinated, and the superior intellectual and moral powers are restored to their supremacy, and Christ reigns in a completely renewed soul. "And that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." In man's original estate the superior faculties were commanding because of his normal condition. He was holy, inasmuch as heavenly order reigned throughout his being.

Two effects followed the first transgression—a criminal act and a subjective change. When man consented to sin, God withdrew the fellowship of His presence. In the darkness of the conscious guilt that followed, the soul became confused, and in that confusion the inferior propensities usurped the mastery over the superior powers; sense became supreme, and with a mad sway held reason and conscience in subjection. This is the unnatural state of man. This is the condition of a fallen soul transmitted from parent to child. The history of the world, the lives of men eminent for intellect and iniquity, and our own experience, sadly prove that the wickedness and the wretchedness of humanity is the dominance of the animal in man, swaying reason and disregarding conscience. "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world." Hence St. Paul's meaning, "For I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection." But this subjection is not self-destruction, nor the eradication of some annoying passion, nor the brutal humiliation of the body, as sometimes practiced by monks and fakirs, but rather the subordination of the same to law. All the appetites of the body, all the passions of the mind, have their origin in the order and constitution of nature, and are designed for the happiness of man. A mastering propensity is a perversion. That which is innocent within the limitations of law is vicious when the gratification is unlawful.

Gluttony is the excess of temperance; adultery, of the lawful rights of marriage; revenge, of anger; pride, of self-respect; vanity, of a decent regard for the good opinion of mankind.

The perfect man in Christ is he whose physical, mental, and moral powers are in full force, but subject to law. In this completed restoration, nothing but sin is destroyed. All that is natural is regulated, purified, exalted. To such God reappears in the fellowship of His presence, conscience is strengthened, and its dictates are obeyed; the affections are cleansed and enshrine the Holy One; the will is emancipated, and responds to the divine law. All passions find their contentment in normal indulgence. All desires have their appropriate gratification. All temptations are met with instant recoil. The equipoise of the soul is restored. Love is supreme, rest is perfect. Christ is all and in all. Out of such a condition flows a life, "holy, guileless, and undefiled," for holiness is an act. It is perfect obedience in love to a law that is "holy, and just, and good." It is more than devotion. It is holy living. It is the spirit of devoutness carried into all the relations and concerns of life. It is self-abnegation, which seeks no other reward than the consciousness of duty done. It is calmness amid turbulence, meekness amid provocation, humility amid the pride and fashion of life. It is the reign of love amid the anarchy of this world's hate. It is the charity that thinketh no evil. It is a brotherly kindness that worketh no ill to man. It is benevolence incarnated. It is a horizon which takes in the whole of each day, so that conversation is pure as the breath of prayer; laughter as holy as a psalm of praise; the pursuit of wealth, pleasure, honour, saintly as the Eucharistic feast—such a life is beautiful with "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report."

In such a life the Sabbath of the soul never ends. But is not such a state rather a lofty ideal to awaken holiest aspirations never to be realized? a goal of renown to excite heroic struggles never to be triumphant? Is it one of the grand possibilities of Christian faith? God never commands what He does not require. He never requires where there is not ability to perform. He is ever consistent with Himself. Through all the ages, under all dispensations, He has made requisition for this one thing.

He foreshadowed His will in the shoeless feet of Moses on the mount, in the spotless garments of the priests in the sanctuary, in the blemishless sacrifices on the altar of atonement; and, transcending all these in glory, in the sinless life of His son. This requirement rests upon a necessity, and the necessity rises to a privilege. Privilege is the correlate of duty. As where there is a wing, there is air; as where there is a fin, there is water; as where there is an eye, there is light; so where there is a demand, there is grace to comply. God cannot demand less; He does not require more. As worship is companionship, there is a manifest fitness in this ordination. If a soldier should be brave, a teacher learned, a friend true, man should be pure.

It is the belief of the Christian Church that Christ is a Saviour; that His mission was twofold—objectively, to re-adjust our relations with the divine government, so that "God could be just and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus;" and subjectively to re-create us in His own image. But by a laxity of faith this recreation is held to be but partial at most. Nevertheless He is esteemed a Saviour from some depravity, from some besetting sin, from some downward tendency; that He so renews us that the outline of His image is seen, and that He imparts to us some love, some hope, some faith. This is the comfortable profession of the Catholic Church of Jesus Christ. But it is not sufficient. It is an inception without a consummation. Either it is not His plan to complete the work prior to death, or He has not the ability, or the believer does not exercise the faith equal to the end. Accepting the latter as the underlying causes of the deficiency in the common experience of the Church, let a nobler faith measure the possibility of His power, and find in Christ one who saveth to the uttermost. Scripture and experience are in accord that man may be holy and live. The exhortation is: "Having therefore these promises, beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all defilement of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." Over against this apostolic injunction let us place one declarative promise which shall be the measure of His ability and of our privilege: "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

This is more than pardon of actual transgression; more than subjugation of inherited depravity; more than deliverance from

the dominion of sin. It is the completion of regeneration; it is entire sanctification. But this exalted state of grace is not immunity from the infirmities incident to an imperfect body; or from the mistakes inevitable to a weak understanding; or from the liability to sin; or from the necessity and possibility of growth in grace. Structural imperfections, disease, and death imply man's fall, and because of which he cannot respond fully to that primal law under which he was created a perfect being. These are defects not to be remedied by entire sanctification, but by the resurrection of the just. "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust." Yet to the pure is given the grace of patience and resignation to endure the ills of a body which is the temple of the Holy Ghost. And it is a fact that by the sobriety it demands, by the restfulness it imparts, by the joy it creates, holiness tends to health and length of days. "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation."

Nor is this entire consecration to Christ inconsistent with the possible errors which arise from an enfeebled intellect, or from limited knowledge. Such may not be inseparable from the purest intention and the holiest life; yet liability to such will be largely diminished by the presence of an informing and guiding Spirit. And it is a matter of experience that with holiness there comes an intellectual elevation, a sharpening and quickening of all the mental powers whereby the "perfect man in Christ" discerns more readily between right and wrong. And the heavenly calm that reigns in all his being, and the "perfect peace" wherein he is ever kept, conduce to tranquility of intellect, correctness of taste, candour of intention, carefulness of judgment, and impartiality of decision. Perfect knowledge and perfect love may be separable, yet in this higher state of grace even the thought-life of the soul is subject to the sway of the Lord, "bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." What thought is, we may not define; how thoughts originate, we may not explain; but whether thoughts come from original perceptions, or from the combined action of the memory and the imagination, or are projected by Satanic influence, the mind may be master of itself, and evil thoughts may become our possessions by retention or be dismissed at will. Thought is a mental act, and, like the "idle word" or the "deeds done in the

body," has a moral character. "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts."

The imagination acts directly on the moral character, and by its abuse the will is weakened, the mental energy is dissipated, and the whole life is polluted. Hence the prayer of the Church: "Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy name." Nor is there any warrant in Scripture or any proof in experience that holiness is freedom from temptation or liability to sin. Temptation is the appointed test of virtue, and liability to sin belongs to probation. The tendencies to sin may be arrested, and will diminish as the believer abides in Christ. But the terrible struggles against the tempter will continue to the dying hour. Many will be the fierce conflicts, and in unguarded moments and under powerful Satanic influence, there may be a blind impulse to yield to some attractive object of solicitation; but the pure spirit will recoil therefrom as from the breath of pestilence. All solicitations to disobedience are harmless, till the soul is conscious of a disposition to comply therewith. In the heat of the desperate strife the mind may realize intense excitement, but when there is no surrender, the tempter is never hurtful. Of the Saviour it is said, "Who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." And it is no part of our belief in the doctrine of "Christian perfection" that growth in grace is not a duty and a possibility. There may be an end of conscious sinning and impurity, but under the law of spiritual development the heavenly virtues expand forever. The maturity of the graces possessed is that of exclusion of their opposite vices. Beyond that there is an infinite hereafter. There is no height of purity beyond which a reclaimed spirit may not attain a higher ascension. Heaven will be an eternal approach to God.

But what special fitness is there in Methodist means of grace to promote Scriptural holiness? For more than a hundred years Methodists have testified to this great truth. Their testimony has been intelligent, conscientious, joyful. The word of their testimony has been, "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." For this purpose were they called to be a Church. To give pre-eminence to this central, subjective doc-

trine, was Wesley chosen by Providence to be chief in a religious movement scarcely second in majesty and importance to the Reformation under Luther. Rising superior to the ecclesiastical questions over which others had fought, and that triumphantly, he invited the people to their Bibles, to the spirituality of the apostolic Church, to the kingdom of God, which is "not eating and drinking, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." And the universal spread of these sentiments is now esteemed the high mission of a Church, which has survived him just ninety years. It would, however, be a crime against history to create the impression that Wesley was the forerunner of the revival of this cardinal truth. What Wycliffe and Huss and Savonarola were to Luther, Kempis and Law and Taylor were to Wesley. They called his attention to the necessity of that purity of thought, to that self-abnegation, to that personal crucifixion and resurrection wherein is the fullness of the divine life in man. But it was for him to take an advanced step. His "Imitation of Christ" was to be a joyous realization; his "Christian Perfection" was to be a conscious attainment; his "Holy Living and Dying" were to be sublime realities. What they wrote, he translated; what they thought, he experienced; what they prescribed, he practiced. Intent on his special mission, his marvellous genius for organization was consecrated to the creation of such methods in the formation of his societies as were most efficient in holy living. From the "Holy Club" at Oxford to his dying chamber in City Road he aimed at this one objective point. With the calm courage of a divine conviction, sustained and inspired by a personal experience, he solemnly committed the Wesleyan movement to the entire sanctification of the believer. Neither controversy, nor misunderstanding, nor persecution diverted him from his high calling. Whatever else he did for Christian education, for Christian charity, for Christian civilization, he did it to promote this chief end.

As other religious movements had had their providential origin, and that for a definite mission, he and his followers were to be distinctive in preadings Scriptural holiness over all lands. Resolved on this, he opened the door to those who desired to flee from the wrath to come, and then organized all who had entered into classes, subject to negative and positive general rules, best adapted to develop the Christian life to maturity. In nothing

more is his genius for method to attain sainthood so apparent as in the class-meeting, wherein the life of each week is reviewed, for the correction of errors, for the removal of doubts, and wherein those who are mature in this grace become the teachers of those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness." The class-meeting is the nursery of Scriptural holiness. So effective is this means of grace in this regard, that similar gatherings are held in other denominations, not a few of whose ministers and laymen are rejoicing in the light.

Through all the decades, since 1791, when Wesley ascended to his reward from yonder parsonage, Methodists have recognized their special mission to promote personal holiness. It is prominent in their Discipline; it is conspicuous in their standard works; it is the burden of their noblest hymns. Their theology is essentially that of full salvation; their literature is permeated therewith; their ministers are educated therein; their experience thereof is a sublime fact, and their record of it is in the biographies of their glorified hosts. While on one point there has been an honest difference of opinion on the part of some, whether perfect holiness is a consummation at the time of conversion, or subsequent thereto, and that by an act of faith, yet all are in accord on the essential point; and while the common belief and experience of the Church are in harmony with the views of Mr. Wesley, in his sermon on "Sin in Believers;" with Mr. Watson, in his "Institutes;" with Bishop Foster, in his "Christian Purity," yet the feeling prevails that zeal for a holy life is preferable to zeal for a dogma. Fidelity to this great mission will be in the future, as it has been in the past, the secret power of Methodism. That power is not in her doctrines, for they are as old as the Lord; not in her itinerancy, for it is as old as the apostles; not in her love-feasts, for they are as old as the primitive Church; but rather in the "word of her testimony." If to-day her people are numbered by millions; if her altars are thronged with penitents; if her schools of learning and houses of mercy bless all lands; if her children are taught of the Lord, and if her literature, like the leaves of the tree of life, is for the healing of the nations; if her sons have risen to honour in every department of life; if her missions encircle the globe—these are the fruits of her holy living.

RELIGION IN THE LAND OF LUTHER.

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, B.D.

To those who are even moderately well acquainted with the social and religious condition of Germany, the rise and progress of the social democracy is no enigma. Germany is one of the best modern representatives of the old Spartan notion of society, in which the State does not exist for the highest development of the individual, but rather the individual for the perfection of the State. The German people are under constant government supervision; their whole life seems part of an official round; they look to the authorities for everything, and have not been taught to rely upon their own independent enterprise and effort for the improvement of their condition. Then, upon their galled and wearied shoulders the yoke of the terrible military system presses with frightful severity. The country is comparatively poor. The people suffer. And it need not surprise us if, in their poverty and suffering, they blame that system of society of which they form an almost helpless part, and demand that relief from Government which they have not learned manfully to seek for themselves. Moreover, they have forgotten that Gospel which would sustain them in their misery, and turned away from that dear Lord Christ who would, by His example and His grace, help them to suffer and be strong.

From the Rationalism which prevailed in Germany at the close of last century, there has indeed come a great reaction, and the negative tendency which not long ago characterized the teaching of most of the Universities is now to be found only at Jena and Heidelberg. Even at Tubingen the theological professors are now at least moderately orthodox, as at very many other Universities; while at Erlangen and Leipzig there is positive orthodoxy of the most pronounced old Lutheran confessional type. In the summer semester of '76, Jena had seventy-two theological students, and Heidelberg only nine, just one theological student for each theological professor; while Berlin had one hundred and thirty-seven; Halle, one hundred and ninety; Erlangen, one hundred and thirty-six; Tubingen, two hundred and sixty-one; and Leipzig, most orthodox of all, three hundred and thirty-eight.—

(Deutscher Universitats-Kalendar, 1876.) In the winter semester the numbers are proportionately larger all round.

In the winter of 1876–77 I attended the University of Leipzig, and heard with delight Luthardt's able and evangelical lectures on Dogmatics. I noticed that the two occasions on which his students showed the most enthusiastic appreciation of his work, were some witty and severe thrusts at Materialism, and an elaborate defence of the doctrine of the Trinity. The generous treatment which that most popular professor, Kahnis, accorded to Methodism in his lectures on Recent Church History, would be enough to convince the readers of this Magazine of his deep sympathy with evangelical piety. The fact is, that among the eighteen Lutheran ministers of Leipzig in 1877, only one was known as of the so-called "liberal" school, and among the theological professors none.

The Protestant Union (*Protestanten Verein*), powerful in Prussia, is not of much influence in Saxony. I went one evening in February, 1877, to hear a lecture given before the Protestant Union of Leipzig, on the relation of the German Church to the German nation, by Professor Seydel, a man who, though not a theologian, dabbles frequently in theology. In his view the great obstacle to the return of the sympathy of the people with the Church is to be found in the old and out-worn theology of stiff orthodoxy, and he instanced as specially obnoxious the doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, and Future Punishment. But even he was forced to admit that since the early years of this century there has come what he was pleased to term an "artificial orthodox reaction," a "revival of mediæval dogmas," and a more stringent adherence to the creeds of the Reformation. That such a turn in the theological tide has taken place; that after the frenzy of the *Aufklarung* there has come an era of mediation, of renewal, of return to the positive, and that there is light in the religious future of Germany is the universal testimony of those who know. Yet for the present there remains the dark fact of the estrangement of the German nation from the Church, and their indifference to that Christianity which has found its most congenial home, its most fruitful soil, in faithful Teutonic hearts. Proofs of this are sadly too evident.

Two hundred years ago, when Spener preached in Leipzig,

there was such a hunger for God's Word that the churches of the city could not contain the people who flocked to hear the Gospel from the eloquent pietist. Then Leipzig was a very small city. To-day it must be at least six times as large. But with great increase of population there has been hardly any increase of church accommodation; in a city of 130,000 inhabitants, exclusive of the suburbs, there are only seven Lutheran churches and eighteen Lutheran ministers, besides a few smaller churches of other bodies; and these few places of worship are, except on high days, such as Christmas, New Year's Eve, Easter, and the Fast Day, almost deserted. Congregations are counted by the hundred in churches large enough for as many thousand, and I have seen about fifty in a church which would hold three thousand. On Saturday, at two p.m., there is exquisite sacred music in Thomaskirche, and at this performance the vast church is filled. Immediately after there is held a prayer-meeting (Gebetstunde), to which, perhaps, a dozen may remain; and at public worship next day there may not be a tenth of the number who crowded to hear the Saturday's *motette*. At a pleasant social gathering of Leipzig clergymen, I was informed that there are whole streets in that city from which, year in and year out, not a soul goes to church. And yet the very gentleman who told me this deplorable fact, said to me in a very satisfied tone that in Saxony, where the Church is so orthodox, the labours of such men as Moody and Sankey, however valuable elsewhere, are unneeded!

One of the worst features of German life is the notorious disregard of the Sabbath, which has been only too much encouraged by the Church itself. A most excellent and earnest Lutheran minister informed me, with perfect nonchalance, that for years, when a theological student, he had been accustomed every Sunday afternoon in winter to go skating. When on Sunday you come out from a church where, perhaps, a thoroughly good, earnest, manly sermon, such as would make the ecclesiastical fortune of a preacher in England or America, has been wasted on many empty benches and a few heads, apparently almost as unimpressible as the benches, you see crowds standing at the doors of the theatres in haste to get tickets for the evening's play or opera, which on that day is sure to be unusually fine, and you find that concert halls, beer gardens, and all such places of

amusement, have become the regular Sunday resort of the churchless, Christless masses.

There are some preachers warm and eloquent and evangelical, such as Luthardt, Kahnis, and others, and to whom the people flock. But if all the churches of Leipzig were full at every service, only a pitiful handful after all would hear the Gospel from among so many.

It is not that the people have deliberately revolted from the Church, but that the Sunday amusements, sanctioned by the Church, have left little time or inclination for things better or more solid; that an exquisitely scientific theology has too often forgotten the practical life, needs, and feelings of the people; that State-churchism has debased the clergy from the position of ambassadors of Christ to that of mere moral police; and that the consequent identification of Christianity and conservatism has done much to make it distasteful to the people, has alienated bold and liberal minds, and has made the Church powerless against such movements as that of the social democracy. The reforms of the new Empire, the plans of the National-Liberal party—all the freest aspirations of the patriotic lover of the Fatherland, are opposed by the State Church, whose ministers seem more anxious for a return to the old laws compelling the people, under pains and penalties, to have their children baptized, to partake of the Lord's Supper, and to be married in church, than ready to fling themselves manfully into the breach, and mount the walls of popular indifference on the scaling ladders of earnest individual effort. There are good men and true workers, but even they are too timid, too careful of Church usages and dignity, too much afraid of innovations and excitement, to reach and stir the popular heart. And were they bolder, still arduous would be their task. Pastoral visitation has become, except in case of sickness, almost unknown. A newly-installed minister in one of the Leipzig churches courageously endeavoured to revive the valuable old practice. Very soon, however, he was compelled to desist, for the people gave him to understand that they did not want to have him poking about among them, and that if they wished to see him they would go to church!

The idea of the connection of State and Church has so gone over into the very flesh and blood of the Germans that they can hardly conceive of a Church spiritually independent; forming

its own circle, into which all may enter on spiritual conditions, but into which none may come on any other; with a part of the people thus outside its pale, and with a free organic life of its own. And the idea of spiritual Christianity has been swallowed up by the idea of Christianity by law. But under the new laws, a large class is, as a matter of fact, growing up outside the Church; and so gradually there will be a change; the distinct and independent life of the Church will be recognized; the Church will become purer and more aggressive; and, no longer associated in the popular mind with political reactionism, will woo and win once more the true hearts of the noble German people. May God hasten that day!

CHRISTMAS.

BY BESSIE HILL.

To every home in Christendom
A Babe is born this day,
For some to worship, some to love,
And some to turn away.

The light His blessed forehead sheds
Is holy, and as bright
As when it lit the manger-stall
At Bethlehem in the night.

"Give Me thy love!" the Child doth plead,
Up-smiling in our face,
And as we answer, so He stills
Our longing with His grace.

Eternal Child, and Lord of all!
Turn not Thy face away;
But bide with us in household joy
This holy Christmas day.

Oh! we did loose the star, dear Lord,
The precious offerings waste;
For we were prone to loiter, Lord,
Or miss Thee in our haste.

But Thou hast sought for *us!* We kneel
In reverent love to pray
Beside the Babe of Bethlehem,
Who comes on Christmas day.

VALERIA,

THE MARTYR OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CATACOMBS OF ROME AND THEIR TESTIMONY."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE BETRAYAL—THE PURSUIT.

When the unhappy Isidorus discovered that through his cowardice and tergiversation, and through the confessions extorted from his distempered mind, a criminal charge had been trumped up against the fair Callirhoë, whose beauty and grace had touched his susceptible imagination; he was almost beside himself with rage and remorse. He protested to the Prefect Naso and his disreputable son, Calphurnius, that she was as innocent as an unweaned babe of the monstrous crime alleged against her—that of conspiracy to poison her beloved mistress.

"Accursed be the day," cried the wretched Isidorus, clenching his hands till his nails pierced the flesh, "accursed be the day when I first came to your horrid den to betray innocent blood. Would I had perished e'er it dawned."

"Hark you, my friend," said Naso, "do you remember by what means you promised to earn the good red gold with which I bought you?"

"Do not remind me of my shame in becoming a spy upon the Christians," cried the Greek with a look of self-loathing and abhorrence.

"Nay; 'by becoming one yourself,' that was the phrase as I wrote it on my tablets," sneered the prefect.

"Would that I could become one!" exclaimed the unhappy man.

"Suppose I take you at your word and believe you are one?" queried Naso with a malignant leer.

"What new wickedness is this you have in your mind?" asked the Greek.

"How would you like to share the doom of your friends, the old Jew and his pretty daughter who are to be thrown to the lions to-day," went on the remorseless man, toying with his victim like a tiger with its prey.

"Gladly, were I but worthy," said the Greek. "Had I their holy hopes, I would rejoice to bear them company."

"But don't you see," said Naso, "a word of mine would send you to the arena, whether you like it or not? Your neck is in the noose, my handsome youth, and I do not think, with all your dexterity, you can wriggle out of it."

"Oh! any fate but that!" cried the Greek, writhing in anguish. "Let me die as a felon, a conspirator, an assassin, if you will; but not by the doom of the martyrs."

"Well, you see," went on the prefect, "justice is meted out to the Christians so much more swiftly and certainly than even against the worst of felons, that I am tempted to take this plan to secure you your deserts."

The craven-spirited Greek, to whom the very idea of death was torture, blanched with terror and stood speechless, his tongue literally cleaving to the roof of his mouth.

When the prefect perceived that he was sufficiently unnerved for his final experiment he unveiled his diabolical purpose.

"Hark you, my friend," he whispered or rather hissed into his ear, "you may do the State, yourself, and me a service, that will procure you life and liberty and fortune. You know the way to the secret assemblies of the accursed Christian sect; lead hither a maniple of soldiers and your fortune's made."

"Tempter, begone!" exclaimed the Greek in a moment of virtuous indignation, "you would make me worse than Judas whom the Christians execrate as the betrayer of his Master whom they worship."

"As you please, my dainty youth," answered Naso, with his characteristic gesture of clutching his sword. "Prepare to feed the lions on the morrow," and he consigned him to a cell in the vaults of the Coliseum.

Very different was the night spent by this craven soul to that of the destined martyrs. The darkness, to his distempered imagination, seemed full of accusing eyes, which glared reproach and vengeance upon him. The hungry lions' roar smote his soul with fearful apprehensions. When the savage bounds of the wild beasts shook his cell he cowered upon the ground, the picture of abject misery and despair.

When by these mental tortures his nerves were all unstrung, the arch tempter silently entered his cell and whispered in his ear, "Well, my dainty Greek, are you ready for the games?"

"Save me! save me!" cried the unhappy man, "any death but that! I will do anything to escape such a fearful doom."

"I thought you would come to terms," replied the prefect, well skilled in the cruel arts of his office. "Life is sweet. Here is gold. By the service I require you shall earn liberty," and the compact was sealed whereby the Greek was to betray the subterranean hiding-places of the Christians to their enemies.

Hence it was that at the dead of night, a band of Roman soldiers, reckless ruffians trained to slaughter in many a bloody war, marched under cover of darkness along the Appian Way to the villa of the Lady Marcella. It was the work of a moment to force the door of the vineyard and they soon reached the entrance to the Catacomb.

"It is like a badger's burrow," said the officer in command. "We will soon bag our game. Here the old priest has his lair. Secure him at any cost. He is worth a score of the meaner vermin."

Lighting their torches they marched on their devious way under the guidance of Isidorus, who had written on a rude chart the number of turns to be made to the right or left. With Roman military foresight, the officer marked with chalk the route they took, and fixed occasionally a torch in the niches in the wall.

Soon the soft, low cadence of the funeral hymn was heard, stealing weirdly on the ear, and a faint light glimmered from the chamber in which the Christians were paying the last rites to their martyred brethren.

"They are at their incantations now," said the Centurion. "'Tis a fit place for their abominable orgies. Let us hasten, and we will spoil their wicked spells!" and he gave the command, at which the soldiers rushed forward toward the distant light.

Instantly it disappeared, and when they reached the spot naught was seen, save the tomb of Adauctus; and in the distant darkness was heard the sound of hurrying feet.

"The rats have fled," cried the officer; "after them, ferrets! Let not one escape!" and at the head of the maniple he darted down the echoing corridor.

But Hilarus guided his friends amid the darkness more swiftly than the soldiers could pursue by the light of their torches. He followed many a devious winding, especially contrived to frustrate

capture, and facilitate escape. Threading a very narrow passage, he drew from a niche a wooden ladder, and placing it against the wall reached a stairway which began high up near the roof. The whole party followed, and Hilarus, drawing up the ladder after him, completely cut off pursuit. They soon reached the comparatively lofty vaults of a deserted *arenarium*, or sand pit, which communicated with the open air. As he stood with bared brow beneath the light of the silent stars, the good Presbyter Primitius devoutly exclaimed:—"*Anima nostra sicut passer erepta est de laqueo venantium*—Our soul is escaped as a bird out the snare of the fowler, the snare is broken and we are escaped."

The writer has not drawn upon his imagination in describing the arrangements for escape made by the persecuted Christians, when taking refuge in these dens and caves of the earth. In this very Catacomb of Calixtus, such a secret stairway still exists, and is illustrated by drawings in his book on this subject. The main entrance was completely obstructed, and the stairway partially destroyed, so as to prevent ingress to the Catacomb, and a narrow stairway was constructed in the roof which could only be reached by a moveable ladder, connecting it with the floor. By drawing up this ladder pursuit could be easily cut off, and escape to a neighbouring *arenarium* secured. Stores of corn, and oil, and wine have been found in these crypts, evidently as a provision in time of persecution; frequent wells also occur, amply sufficient for the supply of water; and the multitude of lamps which have been found would dispel the darkness, while their sudden extinction would prove the best concealment from attack by their enemies. Hence the Christians were stigmatized as a skulking, darkness-loving race,* who fled the light of day to burrow like moles in the earth. These labyrinths were admirably adapted for eluding pursuit. Familiar with their intricacies, and following a well-known clew, the Christian could plunge fearlessly into the darkness, where his pursuer would soon be inextricably lost.

Such hairbreadth escapes as we have described from the Roman soldiers, like sleuth hounds tracking their prey, must have been no uncommon events in those troublous times. But sometimes the Christians were surprised at their devotions, and their refuge became their sepulchre. Such was the tragic fate of

* Latebrosa et lucifugax natio.—*Minuc. Felix.*

Stephen, slain even while ministering at the altar; such the event described by Gregory of Tours, when a hecatomb of victims were immolated at once by heathen hate; such the peril which wrung from a stricken heart the cry, not of anger but of grief, recorded on a slab in the Catacombs: *Tempora infausta, quibus inter sacra et vota ne in cavernis quidem salvari possimus !*—"Oh! sad times in which, among sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, we are not safe." It requires no great effort of imagination to conceive of the dangers and escapes which must have been frequent episodes in the heroic lives of the early soldiers of the cross.

With what emotions must the primitive believers, seeking refuge in these crypts, have held their solemn worship and heard the words of life, surrounded by the dead in Christ! With what power would come the promise of the resurrection of the body, amid the crumbling relics of mortality! How fervent their prayers for their companions in tribulation, when they themselves stood in jeopardy every hour! Their holy ambition was to witness a good confession even unto death. They burned to emulate the zeal of the martyrs of the faith, the plumeless heroes of a nobler chivalry than that of arms, the Christian athletes who won in the bloody conflicts of the arena, or amid the fiery tortures of the stake, not a crown of laurel or of bay, but a crown of life, starry and unwithering, that can never pass away. Their humble graves are grander monuments than the trophied tombs of Rome's proud conquerors upon the Appian Way. Reverently may we mention their names. Lightly may we tread beside their ashes.

Though the bodily presence of those conscripts of the tomb—no longer walked among men, their intrepid spirit animated the heart of each member of that little community of persecuted Christians, "of whom the world was not worthy; who wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth, . . being destitute, afflicted, tormented."*

* Compare the following spirited lines of Bernis :—

"La terre avait gemi sous le fer des tyrans ;
Elle cachait encore des martyrs expirans,
Qui dans les noirs detours des grottes reculees
Derobaient aux bourreaux leurs tetes mutilees."

Poeme de la Religion Vengee, chap. viii.

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE DOOM OF THE TRAITOR.

But what, meantime, had become of the pursuers? Baffled in their effort to seize their prey, and fearful of losing their way in this tangled labyrinth they had sullenly retreated, tracing their steps by the chalk-marks they had made upon the walls. At last, they returned to the stairway by which they had entered and so found their way above ground.

"This is no work for soldiers," muttered the disgusted officer, "hunting these rats through their underground runs. They are a skulking set of vermin."

"What has become of that coward Greek?" asked the second in command. "He didn't seem to half like the job."

"Is he not here? Then he must have made his escape," said the Centurion. "But if he is caught in that rat-trap, there let him stay. I'll not risk a Roman soldier's life to save a craven Greek," and he gave the command to march back to the city.

Meanwhile, how fares it with the unhappy Isidorus?

When the soldiers caught sight of the Christians and began their pursuit, he had no heart to join in it, and lingered in the vaulted chamber where the funeral rites had been interrupted. The first thing that caught his eye was the epitaph of the noble Adauctus. With quavering voice he read the lines we have already given: "With unfaltering faith, despising the lord of the world, having confessed Christ, thou dids't seek the celestial realms."

"And this was he," he soliloquised, "who gave up name, and fame, and fortune, high office, and the favour of the Emperor, and embraced shame, and persecution and, a cruel death for conscience' sake. How grand he was that day when I warned him of the machinations of his foes—so undaunted and calm. But grander he is as he lies in the majesty of death behind that slab. I felt myself a coward in his living presence then, but in the presence of this dead man, I feel a greater coward still. His memory haunts, it tortures me, I must away!" and turning from the chamber he wandered by the dim light of his taper down the grave-lined corridor, pausing at times to read their humble inscriptions:—

Rudely written, but each letter
Full of hope, and yet of heart-break,

Full of all the tender pathos
Of the here and the hearafter.

And their calmness and peacefulness seemed to reproach his conscience-smitten and unrestful soul.

Listlessly he turned into another chamber, when, what was it that met his startled vision !—

VALERIA DORMIT IN PACE.

There slept in the sleep of death another victim of his perfidy, one whom he had longed to save, one whose beauty had fascinated his imagination, whose goodness had touched his heart. Overcome by his emotion he flung himself on the ground, and bursting into convulsive sobs that shook his frame, he passionately kissed the cold stone slab on which was written the much-loved name.

"Would that I, too, slept the sleep of death," he exclaimed; "if I might also sleep in peace; if I might seek celestial realms. . . So near and yet so far . . A great gulf fixed . . Never to see thee more . . in time nor in eternity."

Here the drip, drip of water which had infiltrated through the roof and fell upon the floor, jarred upon his excited nerves, and suddenly, with a hissing splash, fell a great drop on his taper and utterly extinguished its light. For a moment, so intense and sudden was the darkness, he was almost dazed; but instantly the greatness of his peril flashed upon his mind.

"Lost! Lost!" he frantically shrieked. "The outer darkness, the eternal wailing—while she is in the light of life! Well I remember now the words of Primitius, in this very vault, as he spoke of the joys of heaven, the pains of hell;" and in the darkness he tried to trace with his finger the words, "DORMIT IN PACE"—"Sleeps in peace."

"*Vale! Vale! Eternum Vale!*" he sobbed, as he kissed once more the marble slab, "an everlasting farewell! I must try to find the Christians, or the soldiers, or a way of escape from this prison-house of graves."

He groped his way to the door of the vault and listened, oh! so eagerly—all the faculties of his body and mind seeming concentered in his sense of hearing. But "the darkness gave no token and the silence was unbroken." Nay, so awful was the stillness that brooded over this valley of death, that it seemed as

if the motion of the earth on its axis must be audible, and the pulses of his temples were to his tortured ear like the roaring of the distant sea.

Venturing forth, he groped his way from grave to grave, from vault to vault, from corridor to corridor, but no light, no sound, no hope! Ever denser seemed the darkness, ever deeper the silence, ever more appalling the gloom. For hours he wandered on and on till, faint with hunger, parched with thirst, the throbbings, of his heart shaking his unnerved frame, he fell into a merciful swoon from which he never awoke. Centuries after, an explorer of this vast necropolis found crouching in the corner of one of its chambers a fleshless skeleton, and on the tomb above he read the words, VALERIA DORMIT IN PACE. Was it accident or Providence, or some strange instinct of locality that had brought this poor blighted wreck to breathe his latest sigh at the tomb of one whom he had so loved and so wronged?

The peasants of the Campagna tell to the present day of certain strange sounds heard at midnight from those hollow vaults—at times like the hooting of an owl, at times like the wailing of the wind, and at times, they whisper with bated breath, like the moaning of a soul in pain. And the guides to the Catacombs aver, that ever on the anniversary of the martyrdom of Valeria Callirhoë, sighs and groans echo through the hollow vaults—the sighs and groans, tradition whispers of a wretched apostate who in the ages of persecution betrayed the early Christians to a martyr's doom.

CHAPTER XXX—FATE OF THE PERSECUTORS—TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY.

It remains only to trace briefly the fate of the unfortunate Empress Valeria—less happy than her lowly namesake, the martyr of the Catacombs—and the doom of the persecuting tyrants. In the violent and bloody deaths, often more terrible than those which they inflicted on the Christians, which overtook, with scarce an exception, these enemies of the Church of God, the early believers recognized a divine retribution no less inexorable than the avenging Nemesis of the Pagan mythology.*

* See Lactantius, *De Mortibus Persecutorum, Passim;* Eusebius *Hist. Ecclec.* viii. 17; ix. 9, 10; Tertullian *ad Scap.*, c. 3.

Diocletian, smitten by a mental malady, abandoned the throne of the world for the solitude of his palace on the Illyrian shores of the Adriatic, where tradition avers that he died by his own hand.

A still more dreadful doom befell the fierce persecutor, Galerius. Consumed by the same loathsome and incurable disease which is recorded to have smitten his great rivals in bloodshed, Herod the Great and Philip II., from his dying couch he implored the prayers of the Christians, and, stung by remorse for his cruelties, commanded the surcease of their long and bitter persecution.

The Empress Valeria, his widow, by her beauty had the ill fortune to attract the regards of his successor in persecution the Emperor Maximin. Spurning his suit with the scorn becoming a pure and high-souled woman, at once the daughter and widow of an Emperor, she encountered his deadly hate. Her estates were confiscated, her trusted servants tortured, and her dearest friends put to death.

"The Empress herself," says Gibbon, "together with her mother, Prisca, was condemned to exile; and as they were ignominiously hurried from place to place, before they were confined to a sequestered village in the deserts of Syria, they exposed their shame and distress to the provinces of the East, which during thirty years, had respected their august dignity." On the death of Maximin, Valeria escaped from exile and repaired in disguise to the court of his successor, Licinius, hoping for more humane treatment. But these hopes, to use again the language of Gibbon, "were soon succeeded by horror and astonishment, and the bloody execution which stained the palace of Nicomedia sufficiently convinced her that the throne of Maximin was filled by a tyrant more inhuman than himself. Valeria consulted her safety by hasty flight, and, still accompanied by her mother Prisca, they wandered above fifteen months through the provinces in the disguise of plebeian habits. They were at length discovered at Thessalonica; and as the sentence of their death was already pronounced, they were immediately beheaded and their bodies thrown into the sea. The people gazed on the melancholy spectacle; but their grief and indignation were suppressed by the terrors of a military guard. Such was the

unworthy fate of the wife and daughter of Diocletian. We lament their misfortunes, we cannot discover their crimes." *

At length, on the triumph of the British-born Emperor, Constantine, over his rivals for the throne of the world, like the trump of Jubilee the edict of the toleration of Christianity, pealed through the land. It penetrated the gloomy dungeon, the darksome mine, the Catacombs' dim labyrinth, and from their sombre depths, vast processions of "noble wrestlers for religion," thronged to the long-forsaken churches, with grateful songs of praise to God.

Christianity, after long repression, became at length triumphant. It emerged from the concealment of the Catacombs to the sunshine of imperial favour. Constantine, himself, proclaimed to eager thousands the New Evangel—the most august lay preacher the Church has ever known. The legend of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus strikingly illustrates the wondrous transformation of society. These Christian brothers, taking shelter in a cave during the Decian persecution, awoke, according to the legend, after a slumber of over a century, to find Christianity everywhere dominant, and a Christian Emperor on the throne of the Cæsars.† The doctrines of Christ, like the rays of the sun, quickly irradiated the world. With choirs and hymns, in cities and villages, in the highways and markets, the praises of the Almighty were sung. The enemies of God were as though they had not been.‡ The Lord brought up the vine of Christianity from a far country, and cast out the heathen, and planted and watered it, till it twined round the sceptre of the Cæsars, wreathed the columns of the Capitol, and filled the whole land. The heathen fanes were deserted, the gods discrowned, and the pagan flamen no longer offered sacrifice to the Capitoline Jove. Rome, which had dragged

* Valeria quoque per varias provincias quindecim mensibus plebeio cultu pervagata. . . . Ita illis pudicitia et conditio exitio fuit. Lactantius *De Mort. Persec.* Cap. 51.

† Even the sanguine imagination of Tertullian cannot conceive the possibility of this event. "Sed et Cæsares credidissent super Christo," he exclaims, "si aut Cæsares non essent seculo necessario, aut si et Christiani potuissent esse Cæsares."—*Apol.*, c. 21.

‡ Literally, "They are no more because they never were." Eusebius applies, the promises of Scripture concerning the restoration of the exiled Jews from Babylon (Psa. lxxx ; xcviii ;) to the condition of Christianity in his day. The above citations are given in his very words.

so many conquered deities in triumph at its chariot wheels, at length yielded to a mightier than all the gods of Olympus. The old faiths faded from the firmament of human thought as the stars of midnight at the dawn of day. The banished deities forsook their ancient seats. They walked no longer in the vale of Tempe nor in the grove of Daphne. The naiads bathed not in Scamander's stream nor Simois, nor the nereids in the waters of the bright Ægean Sea. The nymphs and dryads ceased to haunt the sylvan solitudes. The oriads walked no more in light on Ida's lofty top.

O ye vain false gods of Hellas !
Ye are vanished evermore !

Long before the recognition of Christianity as the religion of the empire, its influence had been felt permeating the entire community. Amid the disintegration of society it was the sole conservative element—the salt which preserved it from corruption. In the midst of anarchy and confusion a commuuity was being organized on a principle previously unknown in the heathen world, ruling not by terror but by love; by moral power, not by physical force; inspired by lofty faith amid a world of unbelief, and cultivating moral purity amid the reeking abominations of a sensual age.

We should do scant justice to the blameless character, simple dignity, and moral purity of the primitive Christians, if we forgot the thoroughly effete and corrupt society by which they were surrounded. It would seem almost impossible for the Christian graces to grow in such a fœtid atmosphere. Like the snow-white lily springing in virgin purity from the muddy ooze, they are more lovely by contrast with the surrounding pollutions. Like flowers that deck a sepulchre, breathing their fragrance amid scenes of corruption and death, are these holy characters, fragrant with the breath of heaven amid the social rottenness and moral death of their foul environment.

It is difficult to imagine, and impossible to portray, the abominable pollutions of the times. "Society," says Gibbon, "was a rotten, aimless chaos of sensuality." It was a boiling Acheron of seething passions, unhallowed lusts, and tiger thirst for blood, such as never provoked the wrath of Heaven since God drowned the world with water, or destroyed the Cities of the Plain by fire.

Only those who have visited the secret museum of Naples, or that house which no woman may enter at Pompeii, and whose paintings no pen may describe; or, who are familiar with the scathing denunciations of popular vices by the Roman satirists and moralists and by the Christian Fathers, can conceive the appalling depravity of the age and nation. St. Paul, in his epistle to the Church among this very people, hints at some features of their exceeding wickedness. It was a shame even to speak of the things which were done by them, but which gifted poets employed their wit to celebrate. A brutalized monster was deified as God, received divine homage,* and beheld all the world at his feet, and the nations trembled at his nod, while the multitude wallowed in a sty of sensuality.

Christianity was to be the new Hercules to cleanse this worse than Augean pollution. The pure morals and holy lives of the believers were a perpetual testimony against abounding iniquity, and a living proof of the regenerating power and transforming grace of God. For they themselves, as one of their apologists asserts, "had been reclaimed from ten thousand vices;" and the Apostle, describing some of the vilest characters exclaims, "such were some of you, but ye are washed, ye are sanctified." They recoiled with the utmost abhorrence from the pollutions of the age, and became indeed "the salt of the earth," the sole moral antiseptic to prevent the total disintegration of society.

Thus amid idolatrous usages and unspeakable moral degradation the Christians lived, a holy nation, a peculiar people. "We alone are without crime," says Tertullian; "no Christian suffers but for his religion." "Your prisons are full," says Minutius Felix, "but they contain not one Christian." And these holy lives were an argument which even the heathen could not gainsay. The ethics of paganism were the speculations of the cultivated few who aspired to the character of philosophers. The ethics of Christianity were a system of practical duty affecting the daily life of the most lowly and unlettered. "Philosophy," says Lecky, "may dignify, but is impotent to regenerate man; it may cultivate virtue, but cannot restrain vice." But Christianity introduced a new sense of sin and of holiness, of everlasting reward and of endless condemnation. It planted a sublime, impassioned

* While yet alive, Domitian was called, "our Lord and God"—*Dominus et Deus noster.*

love of Christ in the heart, inflaming all its affections. It transformed the character from icy stoicism or epicurean selfishness to a boundless and uncalculating self-abnegation and devotion.

This divine principle developed a new instinct of philanthropy in the soul. A feeling of common brotherhood knit the hearts of the believers together. To love a slave! to love an enemy! was accounted the impossible among the heathen; yet this incredible virtue they beheld every day among the Christians. "This surprised them beyond measure," says Tertullian, "that one man should die for another." Hence, in the Christian inscriptions no word of bitterness, even toward their persecutors, is to be found. Sweet peace, the peace of God that passeth all understanding, breathes on every side.

One of the most striking results of the new spirit of philanthropy which Christianity introduced is seen in the copious charity of the primitive Church. Amid the ruins of ancient palaces and temples, theatres and baths, there are none of any house of mercy. Charity among the pagans, was at best, a fitful and capricious fancy. Among the Christians it was a vast and vigorous organization and was cultivated with noble enthusiasm. And the great and wicked city of Rome, with its fierce oppressions and inhuman wrongs, afforded amplest opportunity for the Christ-like ministrations of love and pity. There were Christian slaves to succour, exposed to unutterable indignities and cruel punishment, even unto crucifixion for conscience' sake. There were often martyrs' pangs to assuage, the aching wounds inflicted by the rack or by the nameless tortures of the heathen to bind up, and their bruised and broken hearts to cheer with heavenly consolation. There were outcast babes to pluck from death. There were a thousand forms of suffering and sorrow to relieve; and the ever-present thought of Him who came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many, was an inspiration to heroic sacrifice and self-denial. And doubtless the religion of mercy won its way to many a stony pagan heart by the winsome spell of the saintly charities and heavenly benedictions of the persecuted Christians. This sublime principle has since covered the earth with its institutions of mercy, and with a passionate zeal has sought out the woes of man in every land, in order to their relief.

In the primitive Church voluntary collections * were regularly

* Nemo compellitur, sed sponte confert.—*Tertul. Apol.* c. 39.

made for the poor, the aged, the sick, the brethren in bonds, and for the burial of the dead. All fraud and deceit was abhorred, and all usury forbidden. Many gave all their goods to feed the poor. "Our charity dispenses more in the streets," says Tertullian to the heathen, "than your religion in your temples." He upbraids them for offering to the gods only the worn-out and useless, such as is given to dogs. "How monstrous is it," exclaims the Alexandrian Clement, "to live in luxury while so many are in want." "As you would receive, show mercy," says Chrysostom; "make God your debtor that you may receive again with usury." The Church at Antioch, he tells us, maintained three thousand widows and virgins, besides the sick and the poor. Under the persecuting Decius the widows and the infirm under the care of the Church at Rome were fifteen hundred. "Behold the treasures of the Church," said St. Lawrence pointing to the aged and poor, when the heathen prefect came to confiscate its wealth. The Church in Carthage sent a sum equal to four thousand dollars to ransom Christian captives in Numidia. St. Ambrose sold the sacred vessels of the Church of Milan to rescue prisoners from the Goths, esteeming it their truest consecration to the service of God. "Better clothe the living temples of Christ," says Jerome, "than adorn the temples of stone." "God has no need of plates and dishes," said Acacius, Bishop of Amida, and he ransomed therewith a number of poor captives. For a similar purpose Paulinus of Nola sold the treasures of his beautiful church, and, it is said, even sold himself into African slavery. The Christian traveller was hospitably entertained by the faithful; and before the close of the fourth century asylums were provided for the sick, aged, and infirm. During the Decian persecution, when the streets of Carthage were strewn with the dying and the dead, the Christians, with the scars of recent torture and imprisonment upon them, exhibited the nobility of a gospel revenge in their care for their fever-smitten persecutors, and seemed to seek the martyrdom of Christian charity, even more glorious than that they had escaped. In the plague of Alexandria, six hundred *parabolani* periled their lives to succour the dying and bury the dead. Julian urged the pagan priests to imitate the virtues of the lowly Christians.

Christianity also gave a new sanctity to human life. The

exposure of infants was a fearfully prevalent pagan practice, which even Plato and Aristotle permitted. We have had evidences of the tender charity of the Christians in rescuing these foundlings from death, or from a fate more dreadful still—a life of infamy. Christianity also emphatically affirmed the Almighty's "canon 'gainst self-slaughter," which crime the pagans had even exalted into a virtue. It taught that a patient endurance of suffering, like Job's, exhibited a loftier courage than Cato's renunciation of life.

We have thus seen from the testimony of the Catacombs, the immense superiority, in all the elements of true dignity and excellence, of primitive Christianity to the corrupt civilization by which it was surrounded. It ennobled the character and purified the morals of mankind. It raised society from the ineffable slough into which it had fallen, imparted tenderness and fidelity to the domestic relations of life, and enshrined marriage in a sanctity before unknown. Notwithstanding the corruptions by which it became infected in the days of its power and pride, even the worst form of Christianity was infinitely preferable to the abominations of paganism. It gave a sacredness before unconceived to human life. It averted the sword from the throat of the gladiator, and, plucking helpless infancy from exposure to untimely death, nourished it in Christian homes. It threw the ægis of its protection over the slave and the oppressed, raising them from the condition of beasts to the dignity of men and the fellowship of saints. With an unwearied and passionate charity it yearned over the suffering and the sorrowing everywhere, and created a vast and comprehensive organization for their relief, of which the world had before no example and had formed no conception. It was a holy Vestal, ministering at the altar of humanity, witnessing ever of the Divine, and keeping the sacred fire burning, not for Rome, but for the world. Its winsome gladness and purity, in an era of unspeakable pollution and sadness, revived the sinking heart of mankind, and made possible a Golden Age in the future transcending far that which poets pictured in the past. It blotted out cruel laws, like those of Draco, written in blood, and led back Justice, long banished, to the judgment seat. It ameliorated the rigours of the penal code, and, as experience has shown, lessened the amount of crime. It created an art purer and loftier than that of paganism; and a literature rivaling in elegance of

form, and surpassing in nobleness of spirit, the sublimest productions of the classic muse. Instead of the sensual conceptions of heathenism, polluting the soul, it supplied images of purity, tenderness, and pathos, which fascinated the imagination and hallowed the heart. It taught the sanctity of suffering and of weakness, and the supreme majesty of gentleness and ruth.*

THE END.

ANOTHER YEAR.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

ANOTHER year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee.

NOTE.—The entire subject of Christian evidences from the Catacombs, which has been so cursorily glanced at in the foregoing pages, is treated with great fullness of detail and copious pictorial illustration in a work by the writer, "The Catacombs of Rome, and their Testimony relative to Primitive Christianity." Cr. 8vo., 560 pp., 136 engravings. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Price $2.50. It discusses at length the structure, origin, and history of the Catacombs; their art and symbolism; their epigraphy as illustrative of the theology, ministry, rites, and institutions of the primitive Church, and Christian Life and Character in the early ages. The gradual corruption of doctrine and practice and introduction of Romanist errors, as the *cultus* of Mary, the primacy of Peter, prayers for the dead, the invocation of saints, the notion of purgatory, the celibacy of the clergy, rise of monastic orders, and other allied subjects are fully treated.

JAMES B. MORROW, ESQ.

BY REV. J. LATHERN.

BRIEF extracts from the crowded columns of Halifax daily journals, having reference to the lamented death of the late James B. Morrow, and constituting a magnificent tribute to his name and memory, very fully indicate the general estimate of the community in which he lived and died:—"It is doubtful if any other similar announcement could create such a painful sensation in this city." "Citizens of all classes were bitterly pained and shocked when the intelligence came." "The loss of this community cannot be estimated." "Such a funeral was never known before in Halifax." "It is a shock and a calamity.' "There is no man living whose death could create such a blank." "A life of unswerving rectitude." "Position, wealth, talents, disposition, all that he had by nature or fortuitous circumstances, was held by him in trust, to be used for the honour and glory of the Master." "The noble-hearted citizen laid in his grave amid the mourning of a whole community." "No man can point a finger at his life." "He was a mighty worker." "He seemed to have an oversight of all the young men in the city." "These," says his biographer, and they might be greatly multiplied, "were surely extraordinary tributes and testimonies to the memory of a fellow citizen."

The impression produced by keen sense of loss was not transient or evanescent. "I have known many business men," said a prominent merchant of Halifax, nearly a year after his death, walking up Brunswick Street, mentioning with an emotion that could not be concealed those generous and noble deeds and qualities—"but I have known only one James B. Morrow." The memory of the just is blessed. It has been hinted that none can need "the praise of a love-written record," or name and epitaph and monument of stone:

> "The things we have lived for, let them be our story,
> We ourselves but remembered by what we have done."

But surely it is a good and meritorious thing that an attempt be made to delineate the character and to perpetuate the influence

of a pure and noble life. Very cordial, therefore, is the welcome which we extend to "Memories of James Bain Morrow," by Rev. A. Nicolson, Editor of the *Wesleyan*, 1873-1879. Apart from qualities of literary excellence, it is an attractive specimen of volumes now issued by the enterprising Toronto "Book and Publishing House." It would be a genial and grateful task in this attempt at a brief biographical sketch of our honoured brother, undertaken in compliance with the courteous request of the Editor, to gather up and weave into a wreath of loving tribute the varied incidents and recollections of years of personal intimacy and friendship—especially during six years of pastoral charge in the City of Halifax. But, through reproduction from these memorial pages, I would fain direct attention, where this may not have been already secured, to the narrative of a busy, blessed, and influential life.

The ancestry of James B. Morrow is traced to mining districts in the north of England. One incident, in the chapter on "parentage and boyhood," through his father, John Morrow, connects him with Alston Moor: "The miners assembled in a monster meeting to discuss certain grievances of their work and wages. A distinguished advocate, who subsequently became Lord Brougham, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was one of the interested listeners on that occasion. John Morrow had just heard a gentleman, who stood by Mr. Brougham, make some favourable comment on the native eloquence of one of the chief speakers when suddenly, the very ground seemed to tremble beneath their feet. A thousand Scotch Greys galloped on to the Moor, dispersing the miners in all directions." As a native of Alston Moor, connected with lead mines of the Upper Tyne—an old family proprietorship—I have often listened to marvellous specimens of such Doric eloquence, and to the story of that mass meeting of the miners on the Moor. A sense of grievance, which could find no adequate redress, very naturally aroused indignant feeling and a purpose of independence. To a young man of that long secluded romantic hill country, in search of a new vocation, before the wave of emigration had fairly commenced its roll to distant shores, the metropolis of the North loomed up into supreme importance. John Morrow went to Newcastle. But a new opening presented itself, and soon after he sailed to Halifax, Nova Scotia. In that city, November 8th, 1831, James Bain

was born. Having attained his fourteenth year, he crossed the Atlantic. Amongst early educational advantages, the most important was a two years' course in the famous Edinburgh High School. Upon the foundation thus laid, he continued through years of strenuous and persevering application, uninterrupted by long office hours and toil of an exhaustive nature, to build up and to crown a structure of substantial and liberal culture, and of valuable and available educational attainment.

In common with many men, who have exhibited commanding qualities of character, and who have achieved distinction in life, James B. Morrow was indebted to the moulding influences of early religion, and to mental aptitudes quickened by the energy of the Holy Ghost. The old Argyle Street Chapel, in the city of Halifax, the mother of us all,—Zoar it was originally named, a place of refuge for a little pioneer band of godly men and women,—has a history interwoven with threads of many a valuable life. "The Lord shall count, when He writeth up the people, that this man was born there." As James Montgomery said of old Carver Street, in Sheffield, it was frequently "a converting furnace." Under the ministry of the saintly William Bennett, that sanctuary was the scene of revival power and blessing. Amongst those who were brought savingly beneath that influence was the subject of this sketch. Before the point of decision had been reached, and while supreme destinies were trembling in the balance, he came under the force of counter attraction. A public meeting, for the discussion of civic or political themes, was being held in the city. James was induced to attend the popular gathering. But it was soon apparent, that, to the mind of the anxious inquirer, these public questions had sunk into matters of subordinate interest. In restless and disquieted mood he left the place. The atmosphere of Argyle Street, where a revival service was being held, was more congenial to his feelings. Penitential sorrow was intensified. But the turning-point in life had come, and with it a blessed transition. Before that meeting closed he could say:

> "'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
> I am my Lord's, and He is mine."

From that time, with but a brief interval, and that near the outset, his course was onward. The Lord Jesus Christ, to whom

his love and loyalty were pledged, became his ideal and passion. The transforming influence, first consciously experienced in the hour of conversion, for the space of thirty-three years continued to gladden, illume, and beautify his life. The progress of religion in the soul brought him ultimately to the Beulah land of higher life, and of serene walk with God. Now he has passed into the unclouded splendour of that beatific vision, which is as noon risen upon high noon :

> "The golden blaze
> Of everlasting light."

The close contact of Mr. Morrow with active and able men, who helped to make him what he was, has been felicitously brought out by his biographer. To Mr. Francis Johnson a very prominent place has been appropriately assigned. Born in Ireland, educated as a Roman Catholic, a soldier in the army, while at the garrison in Halifax, like Sergeant Marjoram and many others, he was thoroughly converted to God, completely moulded and stamped for deeds of holy effort. Few lives have reflected a purer lustre for the Christian faith. In saintliness of character, and by native endowment, though not in scholastic attainment, and with far different surroundings, he was another Thomas Walsh. It is difficult, without the semblance of indiscriminate eulogy, to linger upon memories of rare saintliness that have been long treasured up, and which still exhale a sweet fragrance. For Christian excellence, conspicuous in a comparatively lowly sphere, he "commanded more respect than he could have gained by titles from the hand of Queen Victoria."

In 1853, when little more than twenty-one years of age, Mr. Morrow became a member of Mr. Johnson's class. It was fortunate for him, and for the Church, that during this formative period of Christian life, he was brought into such close and constant contact with one who commanded his utmost confidence, and who was a prudent and faithful friend and counsellor. "I could not withstand Mr. Johnson," he said. "He was a lighthouse, never failing to show the dangers ahead." Even incidental expressions made their mark and were long remembered. James was reminded of "absence from the prayer-meeting last night;" or, in still more searching form, "Are you living as near to God as six months ago?"

In view of the subsequent activity and usefulness of Mr. Morrow's life, and the prominence with which on great occasions he was thrown to the front, it is instructive to read, in a passage not intended for publicity, an account of the first service he was called upon to conduct. He was very early put into harness. "On Saturday evening," he wrote, "I went to the Band meeting. Mr. Morton, who usually leads it, was from home. I thought Mr. Johnson would lead, but he asked me to do so. I gave out a hymn, but as I proceeded, I nearly fell down. God, however, assisted. He did bless me. I cannot tell you how I feel on such occasions. My natural diffidence would lead me to hide behind a pillar, or in a corner." Little did that judicious friend, "evidently solicitous to bind him to Christ by the mingled joys and obligations of active service, foresee the end to which this trembling effort was to lead." A path of usefulness was opening before him, and "he began a system of preparation which involved such diligence and labour as few men, with his secular responsibilities, have compassed." Through many a land, and over many a soil, we trace the course and expanding fullness of James B. Morrow's Christian influence; but, in that Saturday-night Band, we stand at the fountain-head. And who shall be able to say how often, in services of such a character, rich in pentecostal unction and inspiration, beneficent and copious streams have been unsealed?

The current of life may generally be traced to numerous sources. At that early period we come upon another suggestive record. "Last evening I was reading the life of Rev. J. Smith, and was struck with the thought, 'Many people talk of the expediency of this thing, the need of performing the other thing; but, while thus talking, the moment for action slips by, and the opportunity for doing good is lost.' *Act—act now*, is the word that should be constantly impressed upon the mind, and put into practice." When a purpose, such as that emphasised in the adopted motto, has been born into the soul, and has shaped itself into holy resolve, the possibilities of life may be fairly counted upon. *Act—act now*, was the embodiment of a principle which henceforth became the guiding star of James B. Morrow's life. Destiny was self-determined. Ever prompt to act, ready to do the work that was nearest to him, we find a salutary influence brought to bear upon office-associates. "I always regarded him,"

says Mr. J. S. Belcher, another leading business man of the same commercial city, glancing back to early intimacy at Cunard's, "as the means of bringing me to the Saviour." "He was always the same, obliging and thoughtful; a Christian, who carried Christianity into daily life, influencing his companions by example and personal persuasion to righteousness; tender to comfort in sorrow, faithful to expostulate in danger; a Bible-reading, Bible-expounding youth, not for controversy, but for edification."

When only twenty-two years of age, Mr. Morrow was entrusted with the spiritual oversight of a juvenile class. "I scarcely know what to do in this matter," he wrote at the time, an indication of the frame of mind in which the duty was undertaken, "believing as I do that this is one of the most important classes we have. I feel that it is a charge of vast responsibility, and, were my feelings consulted, would be gladly relieved from it. But if it be my Father's will, I will implore His grace to enable me to fulfil the trust." Youthful members of that class, as might be expected under such management, graduated as efficient and successful workers for Christ. In later years, in the large class led by Mr. Morrow, one's ideal of such a service was largely realized. There was the frankness of unrestrained fellowship. The atmosphere was intensely spiritual. Intensity of zeal, the product and evidence of central fires and spiritual forces, was sustained and regulated by intelligence and prudence.

In March, 1855, Mr. Morrow was united in marriage to Matilda, the second daughter of the Rev. Dr. Richey. The introduction of a venerated name, that of an accomplished scholar and almost peerless pulpit orator, such as we knew him in his golden prime, compels Mr. Nicolson once again to break the continuity of narrative. The digression will not only be pardoned, but eagerly welcomed. For this eminent divine, to whom he was brought into intimacy and close relationship, Mr. Morrow always cherished affection and the utmost admiration. To him he was probably indebted for the direction of much mental culture, the thrill of high incentive, and for impressions that gave complexion to character—in its ultimate development.

In domestic life there were only sanctity and strength. It is with no rash hand that one may venture to lift the curtain from a happy home circle. There is a sacredness of home-life, and of

social and domestic felicity, upon which no stranger may intrude. But the hospitalities of Mr. Morrow and of his accomplished wife were constantly open to numerous guests. Very refreshing are the memories of bright and joyous hours and evenings under that hospitable roof. There were gladness and sunlight, ripplings of affection and of spontaneous speech. "Mr. Morrow's family," writes a Newfoundland minister, "was the most pleasant, the most perfect in all respects, I have ever known." "Personally," says another minister, "I have lost a real friend—one with whom I have taken sweet counsel—a brother born for adversity. I can never think of his beautiful Christian home, with all the more than kindness I received there during my illness, without repeating Paul's prayer, changing the name—'The Lord give mercy to the house of Onesiphorous.'"

The habits of Biblical study which Bro. Morrow kept up through many years, and by which his mind was greatly enriched, have been luminously traced by his biographer. It was this keen interest manifested in regard to questions of revealed truth and of sacred criticism which first of all arrested my own attention in the earlier years of our acquaintance. In the discussion of such themes there was never a symptom of weariness; and, while the mist of perplexity hung over the subject, until all available sources of information had been explored and exhausted, the research was continued. A carefully-marked and closely-annotated copy of Bagster's Bible furnished evidence of laborious and thoughtful investigation. The text of French and Spanish Bibles was occasionally compared with that of the English version. Numerous commentaries, including that of Lange, were constantly within easy reach—for purposes of reference. A few months previous to his death, Mr. Morrow spent some days with us at the Yarmouth parsonage. It was then evident that there had been no abatement in the force of this habit. Passion and purpose were deep and strong as ever. A correspondence was arranged, for little did we then think that death was soon to quench his beaming eye, upon certain disputed questions of Hebrew ritual, and of Levitical economy. But, while Mr. Morrow was concerned with questions of Biblical criticism, in the spirit of genuine devotion he drank deeply from the pure fountain of inspired truth. The feeling which he cherished found application in a favourite hymn:

"When quiet in my house I sit,
Thy Book be my companion still;
My joy, Thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of Thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine."

In the life of Mr. Morrow there was no abnormal development. It was balanced and rounded. Tastes and capacities of different and contrasted tendency were harmoniously combined. As a student of sacred truth, he was capable of intense concentration, and of patient application. Taking advantage of available side-lights, he kept fairly abreast of modern thought. But, from the first, the indomitable energy of his nature found practical expression. He became an earnest and enthusiastic worker for Christ.

In the prayer-meeting and week-night services of the Church, our dear departed brother was in his element. He was saturated with the spirit and sentiment of Wesley's incomparable experimental hymns—susceptible to the sweetness and simple strain of the best modern melodies—mighty in the Scriptures, and apt in quotation. There was also an almost intuitive sense of what the immediate occasion most demanded. Rarely at fault as to the chords of feeling from which it might be desirable to evoke response, full of spontaneity and fertile in resourse, there could scarcely be a failure when he was at the meeting. "It was a subject of remark at times, when under the influence of strong feeling, that he would abase himself in prayer in a way not usual among modern worshippers. With his hands strongly clasped, resting on the seat, he would bend his head low between his arms, while his body, in a kneeling posture, almost touched the floor. I have no doubt but that this posture, unconscious and unstudied on his part, was much the result of favourite reading. Lingering over those awful scenes of Old Testament history, which describe the intercourse of mortals with Jehovah, he imbibed their spirit and imitated their manners. The place was to him holy ground; and, had the occasion admitted, he would have put off the shoes from off his feet."

As a local preacher, on any and every occasion, Mr. Morrow was eminently acceptable. His style was that of a man who has been painstaking in search for truth, and who speaks from the

fullness of an amply-stored mind. To understand the spirit of self-sacrifice in which this service for the Church was rendered, we must remember that during all those years he was working under the pressure of onerous and exacting duties and responsibilities. In 1864, he accepted a partnership in the great Halifax firm of S. Cunard and Co. But long prior to that period, the chief burden of business administration in that large establishment devolved upon him. When that great commercial engine was at full blast, there was an incessant demand upon time and thought. Clerks busy at their numerous desks, porters waiting for messages, truckmen halting for orders, business men anxious for an interview, ships getting ready for sea, "the belts of this machine stretched to the European shores on the one side, and to sea-board cities and Pacific States of America upon the other." In 1868, when Mr. William Cunard removed to England, Mr. Morrow became the sole manager. It was inevitable, in such a position, with lines of steamers to control, mining associations to represent, ramifications of business, extending in some of its branches to almost every quarter of the globe, that the wear and tear of body and of brain should be excessive. The correspondence of such a firm must have been enormous. The greater part of the day was demanded for business administration. Far into the night, drafting letters that were to guide subordinates and govern immense transactions, he frequently remained at his desk. But with all this pressure of business life, for Sabbath hours he was still the servant of the Church. It often happened, when some emergency arose, late on Saturday night, with only a gentle protest, that he accepted one or more preaching appointments for the following day.

A distinctive feature of Mr. Morrow's life-work was in the direction of young men. In association with another prominent business man, Mr. John S. McLean, supported by a noble band of devoted brethren, in which all evangelical churches were represented, he was a recognized leader in a movement fraught with benefit to hundreds of young men. The best chapters in Mr. Nicolson's biography are devoted to connection with the Christian Association, and to outside work. There are glimpses, too, of distant scenes of effort—preaching to the silver miners at Nevada—sighing over the abominations of Mormonism at the Salt Lake, where he had looked for at least some exhibition of

religious life—the mighty throb of commercial movement at the metropolis of the British Isles—a touch at Malta, in the Mediterranean—exploration of the streets and bazaars and mosques of Constantinople—sojourn at Smyrna—a ride to Ephesus—over which it would be pleasant and profitable to linger. But my space is exhausted.

The end came sooner than might have been looked for. "We were looking forward," writes Mrs. Morrow, in a most touching and exquisitely beautiful narrative of the closing period of her husband's life, "to a long, useful, and happy life for him. As we look back now on the past few months, we can remember at different times when weary, how a strange whiteness would overspread his face, and how at such times he would complain of momentary faintness; but, after a few minutes' rest, the flush would return, and he would seem all right. These changes did not then make much impression on our minds, though now we know they were all the symptoms of a disease which took him from us. The last Sabbath of his life, September 5th, he attended morning service. I accompanied him for the first time in eight months. We took communion together. As we left the table, a very common custom with him on sacramental occasions, he commenced singing—

'Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee.'

On the following Friday, when on a visit to the Londonderry mines, in company with Sir S. L. Tilley and others, he complained of sudden pain. It was subsequently ascertained that, unsuspected, disease of the heart had reached a stage that only required a slight exciting cause to produce fatal rupture. The physician was hastily summoned; but medical skill could not now avail. 'The golden bowl was broken, and the silver cord loosed.' The strife of dissolution was soon over. 'He was not; for God took him.'"

WHO hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh, and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And love can never lose its own.

—*Whittier.*

MEN WORTH KNOWING;

OR, HEROES OF CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY.

CHARLES GOODYEAR, THE TRIALS OF AN INVENTOR.*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

"PROBABLY no man, who has made a discovery at once so great and of such immediate practical benefit to the race," writes Dr. Pierce, the biographer of Goodyear, "ever before passed so quietly out of his place and generation, receiving so slight acknowledgment for the service he has performed. One cannot become acquainted with his remarkable history without being reminded of Bernard Palissy, the sturdy old Huguenot of France. Mr. Goodyear's life was the more suffering and the sublimer of the two. His life-work was a religious mission. With opportunities for securing an immense fortune, he laid them all aside in order to perfect the work he was persuaded God had given him to do."

Charles Goodyear was born in New Haven, "the City of Elms," in the first year of this century. Among his ancestors was Stephen Goodyear, one of the original founders of the colony in 1638. His father was a merchant, engaged in the West India trade, a man of high Christian principle. He was also engaged in the manufacture of agricultural implements, hardware, clocks, buttons, and other "Yankee notions." In his father's factory young Goodyear received his first training in mechanical ingenuity. He was a studious boy, and early became the subject of deep religious impressions. In his sixteenth year he united with the Congregational Church, and had an earnest desire to become a minister of the Gospel. But Providence seemed to hedge up his way, and he was destined to serve God perhaps no less effectively in secular life than he possibly could at the sacred desk.

In his seventeenth year he went to Philadelphia to learn the hardware business. On reaching his majority he returned to Connecticut, and entered into partnership with his father in hardware manufacture. The business rapidly increased, and

* This sketch is based on the admirable Life of Goodyear, by Bradford K. Pierce, D.D.

young Goodyear, now married to the noble woman who, during many long years shared his trials and sustained his hopes, went to Philadelphia to conduct the sales of the factory. In his thirtieth year his health broke down, the business became embarrassed, many debtors failed, and the sick man found himself in prison for debt. For ten years, under the iniquitous laws of the times, this was his frequent experience. He assigned to his creditors the valuable patents of the firm, through which some of them became rich; and the first money earned from his own great discovery he employed to discharge his indebtedness, from which, by limitation of time, he was legally free. Even in prison he maintained his family by his ingenious inventions.

About this time the manufacture of India rubber began to attract attention. It had been known for a century, but had been used chiefly for rubbing out pencil-marks—hence its name. The Portuguese settlers in South America were the first to manufacture it into water-proof shoes, boots, hats, and garments. But these were thick, clumsy, and ill-made, and the process of manufacture was extremely rude—merely pouring the liquid gum over clay or wooden moulds, and drying it over a smoking fire. In 1820 a pair of shoes thus made reached Boston, and were handed about as a curiosity. Soon a consignment of four hundred pairs arrived. They proved so useful that before long half a million pairs were imported per annum. Yankee ingenuity began to import the crude gum, and manufacture the articles at home. But, unfortunately, though the boots and clothing looked beautiful when new, they became stiff as stone in winter, and in summer softened and became rotten. One firm had returned to them $20,000 worth, which emitted so offensive an odour that it was necessary to have them buried in the earth.

To this material, which bore the uncouth name of Caoutchouc, Goodyear's attention was now directed. He discovered the remarkable possibilities of its use, and endeavoured to overcome the difficulties of its manufacture. His first experiments were made in prison. The material was cheap, and with his fingers, he says, he mixed and worked many hundred pounds of gum, spreading it upon a marble slab with a rolling-pin. For the rest of his life this substance may be said to have been scarcely ever out of his hands or out of his thoughts.

Through the help of a friend he again found a home in New

Haven; and, gathering his family around him, began the manufacture of rubber-goods. "It was at this time," says his daughter, "that I remember beginning to see and hear about India rubber. It began to appear in little patches upon the window-frames and on the dinner-plates. These patches were peeled off when dry. Pieces of printed muslin were covered with the transparent gum. Father took possession of our kitchen for a workshop. He would sit hour after hour working the gum in his hands."

Goodyear dissolved the gum in turpentine, spread it upon flannel, and made shoes. But, although beautiful and warm, the gum decomposed, and the shoes were a failure. He found in the market fifty barrels of crude sap, not yet thickened, and determined to try it. An Irishman in his employ thought he would anticipate him in the experiment. So Jerry dipped his trowsers into the barrel of sap, and boasted next morning that the Irishman had beaten the Yankee in the solution of the vexed problem. And certainly the gloss and flexibility of the cloth seemed to warrant his conclusion. "Soon after," writes Dr. Pierce, "Jerry sat down to his work of mixing gum before the fire, and, on attempting to rise again, found himself fastened to the seat, with his legs stuck together. On being drawn from his novel trowsers, by the assistance of others, and to their no small amusement, he expressed himself satisfied with his experience as an inventor."

These repeated failures discouraged Goodyear's friends, who declined to render him further assistance. To pay his debts, he sold the little furniture he possessed, and even the family linen, woven by the hands of his wife. Domestic bereavement was added to his financial losses. A little son died and another was brought to the verge of the grave. Yet his faith never faltered. His family devotions were regularly maintained, and he believed that God was leading him to certain results.

He now went to New York to continue his experiments. An old friend met him in the street. "He looked worn, his apparel was rusty, he bore the unmistakable marks of poverty." His hands were covered with gum which he could not rub off. He invited his friend to his room, up three flights of stairs, and filled with vessels of gum and various drugs. "Here is something," said the grimy, thread-bare man, "that will pay all my debts and make us comfortable." "The rubber business is below par," said

his friend. "And I am the man," exclaimed the enthusiastic inventor, "who will bring it back." He now boiled the gum with magnesia, quicklime, and water and produced many beautiful articles, which attracted much attention, but he found that a drop of acid made them as sticky as ever. He submitted these articles to the test of personal wear. A friend being asked how one might recognize Mr. Goodyear, replied, "If you meet a man who has on an India rubber cap, stock, coat, vest, and shoes, with an India rubber purse *without a cent of money in it*, that is he."

No difficulties daunted him. His eldest daughter joined him in New York. They took attic bedrooms in a small hotel. He used daily to carry his gallon jug of gum, on his shoulder, three miles through the streets to a mill where he had permission to experiment. He so improved his processes that he manufactured elegant maps, charts, elastic parchment, and bandages for wounds, which commanded the approbation of the Government. He was near being suffocated, however, by experimenting with gas generated in a close room. He escaped death but was thrown into a violent fever.

So great was the success of the new "acid gas" process, that he had no difficulty in obtaining a partner with capital. A building with steam power in the city was hired, also a factory on Staten Island and a warehouse in Broadway. The trials of years seemed at an end, and the much-enduring man again gathered his family about him at Staten Island. Alas! for his hopes. The financial crisis of 1837 wrecked all the capital of the firm, and left Goodyear again penniless—with, what was worse, the stigma of being a visionary projector. To earn daily bread he made ladies' aprons and table-covers; and his wife—whose faith and courage never failed—made with her own hands the first rubber globes ever constructed. With the scraps of pasteboard left from her husband's experiments, she made, with true feminine ingenuity, the bonnets she and her daughters wore to church. Another of the family, with his hook and line, "made the adjoining sea contribute to save them from utter destitution."

"Had he not been sustained," says his biographer, "by a confidence in the Divine Providence, amounting almost to inspiration, he would have abandoned a pursuit that yielded him only

and constantly disappointment, and had now brought him to the verge of beggary."

Such were the straits of this persistent inventor that he pawned his umbrella to Mr. Vanderbilt, who then owned the ferry, to procure ferry tickets to the city. "He relates," says his biographer, "as an illustration of the kind Providence that he never failed to notice, that one day he had put into his pocket a small article which he greatly valued, and went out for the purpose of obtaining food with it. Before reaching the pawnbroker's shop he met a man to whom he was indebted, and from whom he expected to receive bitter reproaches. But what was his astonishment to be accosted with the question, 'What can I do for you?' On his being satisfied that he was not mocking his helplessness, but was sincere in his proffers, he told him that he was in search of food, and that fifteen dollars would greatly oblige him. The money was immediately forthcoming, food was obtained, and the prized article was saved for a more distressing hour. They were reduced to one set of teacups of the value of fifty cents. These were washed up after breakfast, and used by the still diligent and hopeful experimenter for the mixing of his gum elastic compounds."

He now removed to Boston, and maintained his family by a new method of making rubber shoes. It was a success, and soon his profits amounted to $5,000 in a single year. But he used the bulk of it in perfecting his invention, and his wife and daughter went to church dressed in calico. As business increased, he brought his aged parents and younger brothers into his family to share his prosperity. The Government gave him an order for a hundred and fifty rubber mail bags, at which he was greatly elated. The bags were much admired, but alas! they soon rotted to pieces. The same fate attended several thousand life preservers which he had made. Instead of realizing a fortune, he was again reduced to absolute want. His furniture was sold and his family scattered. He received little sympathy. The public were so exasperated by their losses, that they would not *look* at his improvements, and voted India rubber a delusion and a fraud.

His friends urged him to go back to his hardware business, and many who had helped him refused to do so any longer. But he heard a voice they could not hear. His phantom discovery

beckoned him forward. It became the absorbing passion of his life. He only feared that, on account of his impaired health, he might die before he could confer this boon upon the world. But the hopeful wife never murmured. The children cheerfully earned their living at manual labour. Every available article was sold or pawned. The inventor's library had long since disappeared, and, with a keen pang, the children's school-books were sold for the paltry sum of five dollars. The family lived chiefly on potatoes, which they were compelled to dig before they were half grown, and gathered fuel in the fields to feed the inventor's insatiable fires, for he kept up his ceaseless experiments.

One of his great discoveries was made by accident. While sitting by his kitchen fire discussing his projects, by a rapid gesture the piece of gum in his hand came in contact with the hot stove. To his surprise it charred without dissolving. He nailed it on the kitchen door all night, and in the morning he found it still flexible. "To say that he was astonished at this," writes Mr. Parton, "would but faintly express his ecstacy of amazement. The result was absolutely new to all experience. India rubber not melting in contact with red-hot iron! A man must have been five years absorbed in the pursuit of an object to comprehend his emotions. He felt as Columbus felt when he saw the land-bird alighting upon his ship, and the driftwood floating by. But, like Columbus, he was surrounded with an unbelieving crew. Eagerly he showed his charred India rubber to his brother, and to the other bystanders, and dwelt upon the novelty and marvellousness of this fact. They regarded it with complete indifference. The good man had worn them all out. Fifty times before he had run to them, exulting in some new discovery, and they supposed, of course, that this was another of his chimeras."*

"I felt myself amply repaid for the past," said the inventor, "and quite indifferent as to the trials of the future." It was well for him that he did, for it was only after two full years, passed in the most distressing circumstances, that he was able to convince *one* person, out of his immediate family circle, that he had made a valuable discovery.

"His experiments," continues Mr. Parton, "could no longer

* North American Review, July, 1865.

be carried on with a few pounds of India rubber, a quart of turpentine, a phial of aqua fortis, and a little lamp black. He wanted the means of producing a high, uniform, and controllable degree of heat, a matter of much greater difficulty than he anticipated. We see him waiting for his wife to draw the loaves from her oven, that he might put into it a batch of India rubber to bake, and watching it all the evening, far into the night, to see what effect was produced by one hour's, two hours', three hours', six hours' baking. We see him boiling it in his wife's saucepans, suspending it before the nose of her tea-kettle, and hanging it from the handle of that vessel to within an inch of the boiling water. We see him roasting it in the ashes and in hot sand, toasting it before a slow fire and before a quick fire, cooking it for one hour and for twenty-four hours, changing the proportions of his compound and mixing them in different ways. Then we see him resorting to the shops and factories in the neighbourhood of Woburn, asking the privilege of using an oven after working hours, or of hanging a piece of India rubber in the 'man-hole' of the boiler. The foremen testify that he was a great plague to them, and smeared their works with his sticky compound; but though they regarded him as little better than a troublesome lunatic, they all appear to have helped him willingly."

In his extremity, a large house in Paris made him an advantageous offer for the right to use his "acid gas" process in France. With a grand Christian honesty, he informed them that he was developing a discovery that would render the other valueless. At this very time he was in danger of arrest, and soon found himself again in prison for debt. "After all," he pathetically says, "this is perhaps as good a resting-place as any this side of the grave." On his release he walked the streets of Boston all night because he lacked the means to pay for a lodging.

On his return home he found one child dying and his wife seriously ill. He buried his child with bitter grief, for his heart was well-nigh broken. In a wintry storm, sick and feeble himself, and without "an atom of fuel or a morsel of food" in the house, he struggled through the snow to a neighbour's to ask help. "Often," says Parton, "he was ready to faint with fatigue, sickness, and hunger, and would be obliged to sit down on a bank of snow to rest. The eager eloquence of the inventor was seconded by the gaunt and yellow face of the man." He was

thus dependent for food on charity—for what else were loans which there seemed no prospect of repaying—and was often reprimanded for his "reckless improvidence," as it was called. But he was sustained by an unfaltering faith in God, and a confidence in the success of his great discovery.

At last success came. After more than ten years of disappointment and discouragement, yet of constant hope and courage, he took out letters patent "for the new and wonderful material which God had enabled him to bestow upon the race." Besides the time and money he had expended, he had incurred debts to the amount of $35,000, all of which he faithfully discharged on the return of prosperity. Besides this sum, a partner had expended between $40,000 and $50,000. So much does it cost to launch a new discovery. In enumerating the benefits thus conferred upon mankind, Mr. Parton writes: "Goodyear added to the arts not a new material merely, but a new class of materials, applicable to a thousand diverse uses. It was still India rubber, but its surface would not adhere, nor would it harden at any degree of cold, nor soften at any degree of heat. It was a cloth impervious to water. It was a paper that would not tear. It was parchment that would not crease. It was leather which neither rain nor sun would injure. It was ebony that could be run into a mould. It was ivory that could be worked like wax. It was wood that never cracked, shrunk, nor decayed. It was metal, 'elastic metal,' as Daniel Webster termed it, that could be wound round the finger or tied into a knot, and which preserved its elasticity almost like steel. Trifling variations in the ingredients, in the proportions, and in the heating, made it either as pliable as kid, tougher than ox-hide, as elastic as whalebone, or as rigid as flint. All this is stated in a moment; but each of these variations in the material, as well as every article made from them, cost this indefatigable man days, weeks, months, or years of experiment." Now, 1,500,000 rubber shoes alone are made in the United States, and the gum which had been a drug at five cents a pound soon rose to $1.25 a pound.

Necessity compelled Mr. Goodyear to assign his patents for much less than their value, and while others grew rich, he continued to his death an embarrassed man. Instead of making money, he seemed anxious only to perfect his great discovery "before the curtain of that night fell down upon him when he

could no longer serve his race." When suffering such excruciating pains that he could not bear to have any one approach his bed, he used to have it weighed down with rubber substances on which he was experimenting. "There is nothing in the history of invention," says Mr. Parton, "more remarkable than the devotion of this man to his object. He never went to sleep without having within reach writing materials and the means of making a light, so that if he should have an idea in the night he might be able to secure it." "His friends," continues Mr. Parton, "remember him, sick, meagre, and yellow, now coming to them with a walking-stick of India rubber, exulting in the new application of his material, and predicting its general use, while they objected that his stick had cost him fifty dollars; now running about among the comb factories, trying to get reluctant men to try their tools upon hard rubber, and producing at length a set of combs that cost twenty times the price of ivory ones; now shutting himself up for months endeavouring to make a sail of India rubber fabric, impervious to water, that should never freeze, and to which no sleet or ice should ever cling; now exhibiting a set of cutlery with India rubber handles, or a picture set in an India rubber frame, or a book with India rubber covers, or a watch with an India rubber case; now experimenting with India rubber tiles for floors, which he hoped to make as brilliant in colour as those of mineral, as agreeable to the tread as carpet, and as durable as an ancient floor of oak. The door-plate of his office was made of it, his autobiography was written upon it, and his mind by day and by night was surcharged with it."

The applications of rubber to the relief of human suffering were to him an absorbing pursuit, perhaps because he was himself a martyr to pain. The invention of the water-bed has brought comfort to tens of thousands. He seemed to feel that these merciful appliances were not for a few, or for the present, but for millions and for all time. "Somebody will yet thank me for it," he would often say.

While engaged in his unappreciated work, Mr. Goodyear's religious life was very sincere, though very humble and utterly devoid of cant. His family prayers were uttered, we are told, in a tone but little above a whisper, but were peculiarly impressive, tender, reverent, and spiritual. Even when overwhelmed with business, the Sabbath was a sacred day, which not even the lax

customs of France could induce him to violate. At times his nervous prostration was so great that he was unable to bear even the entrance of a child into his room. But his heroic wife, by her courage and faith, by the hallowed words of Scripture, or when he was too weak for this—by her silent presence sustained and inspired him. After thirty years of her wifely help, much of which, alas! had been a constant struggle with poverty, her husband experienced in her death the greatest loss of his life.

At the World's Fair, of 1857, Mr. Goodyear made his first exhibit of rubber goods in Britain. At an expense of $30,000 he fitted up a *suite* of rooms with carvings, carpets, furniture, and a vast variety of articles made entirely of rubber. Four years later, at the Paris Exhibition, he expended $50,000 on a still more magnificent display, including valuable hard rubber jewelry and the like. The Emperor conferred upon the enterprising inventor the Cross of the Legion of Honour; but when it was conveyed to him he was confined in the "Clichy," the debtors' prison of Paris. Several European companies had begun to manufacture under his patent, giving him notes for large amounts as royalty. These notes he endorsed and negotiated. The companies failed, and he found himself hopelessly in debt in a foreign land. He was arrested in bed, at his hotel on Sunday night, and, crippled with gout, was hurried off to a prison cell with a brick floor, a straw bed, a grated window, without fire and without lights. "I have been through nearly every form of trial that human flesh is heir to," he said, "and I find that there is *nothing in life to fear but sin*"—"a golden sentence," says his biographer, "that it is worth a lifetime of severe discipline to be able to utter." The Book of Job we are told was a great favourite with him in his affliction.

He was soon released but never shook off his embarrassment which at his death amounted to $200,000. While the world was enriched beyond compute by his labours * he was almost the life-long victim of poverty. His health was utterly broken. For

* Some idea of the value of his discovery may be gathered from the fact that the shoe manufacturers, under his patent, retained Daniel Webster with a fee of $25,000 to prevent an infringement upon their rights.

Before he died he saw his invention applied to five hundred different uses, giving employment to 60,000 persons, producing merchandise in America alone to the value of $8,000,000 a year. For surgical and hospital

nine weeks he could move neither hand nor foot. Yet his mind was intent on perfecting life-saving apparatus. Often he would dictate at night directions for overcoming difficulties in their manufacture. "How can I sleep," he would say, "when so many of my fellow-creatures are passing into eternity every day, and I feel that I am the man that can prevent it." Even his watch and chain were pawned to carry out his experiments.

During the last year of his life he removed to Washington, where he had a large bath filled up in his house to test his life-saving apparatus. "It was" he said, "the pleasantest time he had ever known."

Of his religious life, this is the record: "During his last winter there was a marked ripening for glory; a growing gentleness and forbearance; an increased spirituality of mind, and a superiority to earthly care and anxiety, which made me often feel how near he was walking to his God." His great life-work had been truly a religious one, and a means of grace to himself. He had said, years before, to his niece and her husband, who went, says Dr. Dutton, "with his approbation and sympathy as missionaries of the Gospel to Asia, that he was God's missionary as truly as they were."

In the spring of 1860 he was summoned to New Haven to see a dying daughter; at New York he learned of her death, and was himself stricken down; gathering his family around his bed at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, he gave them his parting prayers and blessing. When reference was made to his useful works he said, "What am I? To God be all the glory." Even in his delirium he would frequently say, "God knows all." His last conscious words were a charge to forgive a person from whom he had suffered much. On Sunday morning, July 1, 1860, as the bells were ringing for divine service, he passed peacefully away to the wor-

appliances, and life-saving apparatus his invention is invaluable. It resists any acid, endures heat and cold, is unbreakable and almost indestructible. As a packing for the joints of steam engines alone, Mr. Parton asserts, that the sale is over $1,000,000 per year, and that a steamer of 2,000 tons will save $10,000 a year by its use. Rubber belting, car springs, tubing, hose, life-boats, tents, sails, tarpaulins, hammocks, pontoons, water-beds, blankets, water-proofing of every kind, roofing, tanks, and a countless variety of other uses attest its almost universal adaptability. It has multiplied the comforts and enjoyments, and mitigated the pain of unnumbered thousands and is destined to benefit countless thousands more.

ship of the upper sanctuary. Charles Goodyear was one of the greatest benefactors of his race the world has ever known; but his richest legacy to mankind was the example of his Christian life—of his patience under adversity, his meekness under wrong, his unfaltering faith in God, his undying zeal for the welfare of his fellow-men.

GERALDINE—A SOUVENIR OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.*

It is not so often that our land is made the theme of song or story that we can be indifferent to such an event when it does occur. The volume above mentioned is the most notable poem descriptive of Canadian scenery which has yet seen the light. But with such a noble theme, we feel sure that it will not be the last. Canadian readers especially should give a warm welcome to this book, not only for its distinguished poetic merit, but also from a patriotic pride in the scenes which it so vividly describes. The story briefly is this: Percival Trent, a young poet, author, and lecturer, is betrothed to a high-souled Christian woman, Geraldine Hope. During a summer holiday on the St. Lawrence, he is thrown much in the company of Mrs. Lee, a lady of singular fascination. Before he is aware, a spell is upon him, with which he struggles manfully, but for a time in vain. His betrothed, aware of his estranged affection, releases him from his engagement, when he discovers the priceless pearl he has lost, and seeks, and at last successfully, to regain it. This, however, is the merest outline. Many dramatic and even tragical incidents heighten the interest and serve to work out the plot of the story. The analysis of character, the expression of intense emotion, lofty Christian faith, and the triumph of the latter over cynical skepticism, make the book an admirable pyschological study. We have space for only a few extracts in illustration of the style of

* Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs; pp. 321. This poem is published anonymously. We hazard the conjecture that the writer is probably T. B. Aldrich.

the author. The following is a description of our own beautiful St. Lawrence:—

'Tis the river of dreams.
You may float in your boat on the bloom-bordered streams,
Where its islands like emeralds matchless are set,
And forget that you live, and as quickly forget
That they die in the world you have left, for the calm
Of content is within you, the blessing of balm
Is upon you forever. Blessed river that smiles
In such beauty and peace by the beautiful isles.

The description of running the rapids is a vivid piece of word-painting, but is too long to quote more than a single sentence:—

Through the leaping
And boiling and thundering waves, they went sweeping
And surging, a sense as of rapidly sinking
Within them, a tardy and cowardly shrinking,
From fury still madder to come. And yet faster
They sweep through this turbulent hell of disaster,
Where ruin and wreck seem for ever at home.

The following is part of the description of Quebec:—

The next morning the height
Of historic Cape Diamond first greeted his sight,
And above the gray walls of the citadel hung
The tricolour of Britain. A battle-ship swung
By its anchor, asleep in the harbour below.
The bright roofs of the city took dazzle and glow
From the sun but just risen. Without haze, or the fleck
Of a cloud, the sky shone upon silent Quebec.
He slipped
From the new to the old; for the centuries waited
Here once; and since then have been always belated.
As up to the gate from the river you climb,
You go back a long cycle or two into time.
The ghosts
Of dead heroes yet walk the high battlements round it;
Red fame has a place where men sought it and found it;
Still grim and defiant re-echo the guns
That in silence have slept through a century's suns;
In the cry of the sentry a dim challenge calls,
Out of long-buried lips from the citadel's walls;
The wild music of musketry breaks on the air,
Where the garner is death for the gallant who dare;
And above all the present's calm quietude reigns
The fierce tumult of strife upon Abraham's Plains.

You feel when you stand
On the parapet yonder, as though in a land
Of dim yesterdays fled; and you walk the quaint street
As if certain some knight mediæval to meet;
And you listen to mass in the Jesuit piles
Of the priests, as if monks moved about in the aisles
From the far middle-ages. Poor priest-ridden people!
If only there lifted some truth-telling steeple
To point the true way they must go! But the spire
Of the Jesuit never points heavenward much higher
Than the head of the prelate or priest; and the soul
Of the dead or the dying must pay proper toll,
Or go seeking its paradise long.

The description of the River Saguenay is very fine:—

If the silence of God ever falls
In its tenderness down on the world from the walls
Of the City of Gold, they have known it who sailed
Through the Saguenay's stillness.
Cape Eternity grandly uprearing
Its dome to the azure, invited their nearing,
And thrilled them with awe of its might so tremendous.
Cape Trinity opposite, lifted stupendous
And mighty its masses of granite to greet
The sublimity facing it. Sailing beside
Their huge granite upheavals, the pomp and the pride
Of humanity fade to forgetting, in awe
Of the Infinite Presence that never man saw
But on mountains majestic and lonely. The lift
Of their faces is Godward; and sudden and swift
Is the leap of our thought from each adamant crown
To the Spirit Eternal that loving bends down
With a glad benediction forever.

It will be seen that the somewhat difficult rhythm is managed with rare felicity. We confess we think it less suited for the manifold needs of a long poem like this than the noble blank verse of Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," which can breathe low like a lute or peal like a clarion. This rippling verse, while admirably suited for simple narrative or gay *persiflage*, seems unequal to the expression of deep and earnest feeling. Yet the author has overcome this difficulty with remarkable success, and in Geraldine Hope has portrayed one of the noblest and sweetest characters in literature—one of whom he says:—

There are heroines kneeling alone
In their holy of holies, or sitting unknown

Where the multitudes worship, whose offerings, made
In the silence of faith seldom doubting, have paid
Dearer tribute than incense of patriarchs.

This is how she takes leave, in a letter, of the man she has loved, but whom she now gives up for another:—

"Let me kiss you farewell, as a sister might kiss you
Who felt that for years she must want you and miss you.
Forgive the hot tears that will fall on your face.
I am heart-worn and weak; but the pitying grace
Of our Father will strengthen me. Into your eyes
Let me look once again, while the saddest good-byes
That I ever have wept trickle over my cheeks,
And my love its last picture for memory seeks.
Breathe a prayer with me now that not always between
The dear picture and me shall be tears.— GERALDINE."

Her whole soul is ennobled by the loftiest Christian faith, and this is how she meets the argument of one who has lost his trust in God:

"Do you never
Have doubts of the Master?—in all your endeavour
To touch Him for healing of soul, when you press
To His side in despair of ought else?"
"I were less
A weak woman, and more like a saint, could I hold
To my faith without doubting ever. We must doubt,
I suppose, being human; and heartsick, without
Any help of ourselves, we too often must stem
The thick crowd of our doubts and our fears, ere the hem
Of the Healer's soft garments we touch."
"And you feel
That the Master walks always near by, and will heal,
If you press through the throng to His side? Though unseen,
You are sure He is there?"
"There are times when between
Him and me I can see only darkness; but still
I believe I shall find Him through doing His will
And He never is lost. It is *I* who have strayed
From the way that He journeys, I seek Him, afraid
Till I hear His quick question 'Who touched me?' and then
I am glad."

The poet-soul that, like Adam, has wandered forth from his Paradise of happy love, thus sings his weary plaint in one of the many sweet lyrics of the tale:—

The way is long, O Lord, that leads
To cooling springs and fragrant meads:
I weary of its weary length;
I lose all heart and hope and strength,
As here I halt my tired feet
And pray for rest so far, so sweet.

I thank Thee for a halting-place
Made glad by Thine own smiling face;
I thank Thee that the dusty way
Thy footstep knoweth day by day;
I thank Thee that some path there be
From pain and care to peace and Thee.

I know my times are in Thy hand;
I long for light to understand
How Thou canst for each pilgrim care,
How Thou canst hear each pleading prayer,
How unto Thee each soul is known
As if it walked the world alone.

And some time I may comprehend,
The way is long; but at its end
A clearer vision waits the sight.
In Thy dear garden of delight,
Wayfaring done, let me abide
Where never falls an eventide.

After wandering long on the mountains and in the deserts of Edom, to use a favourite figure of the author, he reached at last the Promised Land of peace and happiness:—

In reverent, final surrender
Of each unto each, they uplifted the burdens
Borne separate long, to grow glad with the guerdons
Of victory sweeter than any they knew
Who are never twin-souled; so at last would they go
In the strength of each other and God to the end,
Seeing each within each truest lover and friend.

A SOLEMN murmur in the soul
Tells of a world to be;
As travellers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea.

LORD LORNE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

BY W. KIRBY, ESQ.

WHAT went ye to the wilderness to see?
A shaking reed? Men in kings' houses dwelling?
A prophet? Yea! more than a prophet, telling
Of lands new-named for Christ—a gift in fee
And heritage of millions yet to be—
Green prairies like an ocean broadly swelling
From rise to set of sun—great rivers spelling
Their rugged names in Blackfoot and in Cree.
That went we forth to see, and saw it lie,
That glorious land, reserved by God till now
For England's help in need to drive the plough
A thousand leagues on end, till in the sky
The snowy mountains from the vales upborne
Bear on their proudest peak the name of Lorne.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE ŒCUMENICAL—WHAT HAS IT DONE?

The N. Y. *Observer* praises the Methodist Council in London for "expending most of its time and strength in discussing practical questions having a direct bearing upon the advancement of the kingdom, of God in the earth;" and adds: "This is the secret of this wonderful push and progress which mark the denomination whose history has no parallel for rapid development and religious triumph in the annals of Christendom."

This should be a sufficient answer to the croakers who complained that the Conference broke up without formulating a creed or discussing great theological questions. Its theology is sufficiently formulated already; and whatever differences of policy they may have, the Methodists throughout the world, thank God, in doctrine are all one.

On this subject the Rev. Wm. Arthur said: "People think that nothing particularly practical is being done in this Conference. They are only in the engine house, where there is not a spool being spun and not a web being woven and not a tissue being dyed. There is nothing being done but generating power, and therefore they say that nothing practical is being done. Sir, below the sky the two most practical things are human thought and human feeling, and what you have been doing here is making large thoughts and holy feelings. Here the large man is becoming larger and the small man is becoming less small, and here the broad man is becoming broader and the narrow man less narrow. Here the lonely and isolated preacher is somehow or other being unconsciously attracted to others, and feeling that they are more like him than he thought they could be. That is a practical thing. And what will come out of it? I can-

not tell. God knows what will come out of it. Good will come out of it; the glory of God will come out of it; peace among men will come out of it; new power to preach Christ will come out of it; new consciousness that we are working with brethren, and for brethren, and among brethren, will come out of it; free union to scattered branches will come out of it. This Council has brought men together, diverse in mind, to the benefit of each other. It has shown, under all forms of church government, episcopal and non-episcopal, liturgical and non-liturgical, absolute oneness of doctrine, and for the most part in usage. It has shown the adaptation of Methodism to all classes and all places. It has demonstrated the power of the Gospel when faithfully preached to win its way. Place any form of infidelity beside it, try them by results, and a child sees where the influence lies. It has commanded the attention of those who once despised Methodism, as witness the action of the press. It has exhibited the ability of any Church system that is true to God, to live above state patronage, and it has had the tendency to convince many a Methodist in Britain of the mistake of merely aping hierarchical bodies in adoption of their forms and ceremonies. It has demonstrated the fact that truth is mighty, and will prevail—that form and power united make a living church."

Our Inheritance in the North-West.

When, by the capitulation of Montreal, the whole of her North American dominions, except Louisiana, passed away from France forever, Voltaire attempted to console Louis le Grand with the remark that after all it was only "a few arpents of snow" that he had lost. It is only now that even we, here in Canada, are waking up to the value of our magnificent inheritance in our great West and North-West. We have too long considered it a mere preserve for fur-bearing animals, and a hunting-ground for wild Indians. We have discovered at length that it is destined to be pre-eminently the granary of the world. An article in our last number showed that from the long bright summer days of those Northern latitudes, the wheat of the North-West attained a firm hard texture, and an excellence of quality that made it surpass all other wheat in the world; and the depth and richness of the virgin soil makes the yield per acre greater than that of almost any other region. Moreover the boundless extent of well watered prairie, clothed with pasture of the richest succulence, offers facilities for stock-raising which can scarce be paralleled elsewhere. The countless herds of bison which once roamed at will over this vast region are destined shortly to be replaced by the cattle ranches which shall supply the markets of London and Liverpool with the finest of beef. The vast coal fields and other mineral deposits will prove an untold mine of wealth to the millions who shall soon make populous those now untilled acres. The fisheries, and pineries, and coal of the Pacific coast will prove a source of wealth far transcending the gold of Cariboo or California.

And this grand inheritance has come into our possession by peaceable purchase or loyal colonization, without the shedding of a single drop of human blood. Our new Dominion springs into existance like Minerva panoplied with strength, dowered with exhaustless resources of wealth, and the heir of the grandest possibilities ever placed before any nation. With a territory greater than that of Russia in Europe, equal to that of the United States and of richest fertility, how noble a future may be ours! The visits of Lord Dufferin and Lord Lorne, and of the path-finders and founders of empire who have penetrated these virgin solitudes are calling to them the attention of the world. It requires no prophetic vision to discover the promise of its near future :

I hear the tread of pioneers,
  Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves where yet
  Shall roll a human sea.

The crowded and down-trodden races of Europe are turning eyes of longing to this great west which offers homes and food for all. They feel that "they too were created the heirs of the earth and claim its division."

The high northern latitude of these regions has created unwarranted apprehensions as to the rigour of its winters. A land where horses and cattle can live out unhoused all the year round and pick up their living under the deepest snow, cannot be so inhospitable after all. At the late Missionary Breakfast, in Toronto, Dr. Rice declared that he could find no word to adequately describe its climate, even in winter, but the word "delicious"—it was so bracing, so exhilarating; one does not feel the cold nearly so much as in the east.

But with this grand inheritance devolve upon us also grand responsibilities. Canadian Methodism has already done much for that land. When few other white men visited those lone domains, her Missionaries—a Rundle, an Evans, a Macdougall—broke the bread of life to the wandering children of the forest. And now with larger opportunities and ampler means we must not be recreant to our graver obligations. Our sons and our brothers have gone thither to win the bread which perisheth. We must follow them with the bread if a man eat which he shall never die. We must go up and possess this good land for God and for His cause, for we be well able. It is only thirteen years since Dr. Young went out as a pioneer Missionary to the white settlers. Then came the Riel insurrection which greatly retarded settlement. Yet now we have thirty-six Missionaries in the North-West, and several more "wanted." And the settlement is bound to go on at an accelerated rate. A perfect flood-tide of immigration has already set in. We must help to mould these diverse elements, from Iceland, Scandinavia, Germany, and the older provinces, into a Christian civilization, or the powers of evil will mould them into a godless one. We must endeavour to keep virgin the young provinces of the west from the vice of drunkenness and many grosser forms of evil, and to lay deep and strong the foundations of a noble Christian state, in truth and righteousness. These alone shall be the pledges of the stability of our institutions. These shall be the corner stones of our national greatness.

The World Studying the Life of Jesus.

For the whole of next year the International Sunday School lessons will be in the Gospel of St. Mark. We venture the assertion that the story of the life of Our Lord, as told in the sixteen chapters of that Evangelist, will be studied by millions of teachers and scholars throughout Christendom as it never was before. The best scholarship and learning of the age, and all the light and help that can be brought from every quarter will be focussed upon those chapters. The results of these studies, by means of the many Lesson Helps published, will be scattered far and wide as never before, and every child in the land, no matter how poor, may have placed at his service the results of the labours of the greatest divines, and translators, and students of God's Word in the world. This is the way to meet the scepticism of the age. The Master, in the hour of His temptation, answered Satan with the weapon of the Scripture. So let the Church reply to the Demon of atheism. This weapon, the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, can put to flight all doubts and infidelity, and we are sure that the rising generation will be better grounded in the truths of the Gospel, and better armed against scepticism than any the world has ever seen. We have no fears as to the result. "Let Truth and Falsehood grapple," said Milton. "Who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty?"

The Sunday-School Banner, from which we make the above extract, will be found an invaluable

aid to every Sunday-School Teacher. See advertisement.

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND.

The firm action of the British Government in suppressing the Land League when its lawlessness and sedition made its toleration no longer a virtue, has had the effect of restoring a degree of confidence and calmness to the unhappy island which was fast plunging into anarchy. The despicable modes of assailing the law-abiding subjects who had the misfortune to incur the hostility of the League have been such as to alienate the sympathy of every honest heart. Midnight murder and assassination, the waylaying of bailiff or steward behind a hedge, or skulking in the darkness to the window to shoot him down by his own hearthstone, will not commend itself to the generous Irish heart. Still more despicable, if possible, is the practice of concealing needles in potatoes and hay to ruin the cattle of the rent-payers. The cowardice of the professional patriots, who live by fomenting strife and at the first sign of danger skip over to France and from the safe vantage ground of a foreign shore, hurl their insane denunciations at the Government, which, by the passage of the liberal Land Act has done more for Ireland than any Government ever did before, will show their deluded followers how hollow and selfish are their pretensions. The beneficial effects of the Land Act, we trust, will show the Irish tenants who their best friends really are.

For some time past it has occassionally happened that money letters addressed to the Methodist Book and Publishing House mysteriously went astray, and were never received by the Book Steward. This was a cause of great annoyance, as it was absolutely certain that the loss could not have occurred in this establishment. The mystery has at length been solved. A clerk in one of the large newspaper offices has been in the habit of going for the midnight mails and was allowed to go behind the letter boxes and help himself to the mail matter. He availed himself of the opportunity to abstract letters from other boxes. Being suspected, a decoy letter containing marked money was addressed to the Methodist Book and Publishing House, and the money was found in the possession of the suspected party. He was summarily tried and sentenced to five years to the penitentiary.

In his late address before the Dominion Medical Association, at Halifax, Dr. Canniff deprecated the excessive use of technical language practiced by some physicians. Some idea of the extent of this practice may be gathered from the fact stated in the London *Lancet*, for October 8th, that the new Dictionary of Medical and Scientific terms already fills 800 closely printed octavo pages and only reaches the letter C. At this rate the whole work will fill 8,000 pages and contain 300,000 technical terms, and, at the present rate of manufacture of such terms, within twenty years an appendix bigger, possibly, than the parent book will be necessary.

THE November and December numbers of the *Missionary Outlook* are issued together and contain a very full report of the Anniversary Services and Missionary Breakfast. We regret to learn that this valuable periodical has been published at a loss of several hundred dollars, which has fallen entirely upon Rev. Dr. Sutherland, the Missionary Secretary. We hope that during the next year its circulation will increase to at least a paying point. It is only fifty cents a year and we believe is of much value in diffusing Missionary information and fostering a Missionary spirit.

The Rev. E. Armstrong Telfer, a distinguished minister of the English Wesleyan Conference, has been favouring this city and other places in Canada with his presence and services. As a preacher he is a man of remarkable power—by solid argument convincing the judg-

ment; by solemn appeal arousing the conscience. As a lecturer, other gifts come into play - a wealth of wit and humour, of illustrative incident and anecdote that make his lectures as entertaining as they are instructive.

In America as well as in England the loss of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Manning, of London, will be felt sincerely. Dr. Manning has been for twenty years the chief secretary of the London Religious Tract Society; but he was more widely known in this country by his attractive works of travel, including pen and pencil-pictures of various European countries, of America, of Palestine, and of Egypt and Sinai.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The Central Board of Missions held its annual meeting in the Mission Rooms, Toronto, October 25th, and following days. Most of the members of the Board were present, two of whom were from Newfoundland. In consequence of Missionary Services being held during the week in the various churches of the city, great interest was awakened as many friends were present from the country; and it is hoped that a great impetus will thus be given to the Missionary work.

The representatives from the various Annual Conferences were all anxious that full consideration should be given to the Missions with which they were more especially indentified. The Board would gladly have granted to each Mission the full amount asked for, but this was impossible, seeing that the General Conference has laid it down as a law that must not be violated, viz: That the total appropriations of any given year shall not exceed the income of the preceding year, as it is believed that in no other way can the Society be kept free from debt. All felt that the Missionaries labouring on Domestic Missions, must be more duly cared for, as during the first few years the amounts appropriated to them have been lamentably insufficient. It was ultimately resolved that married Missionaries should receive grants equal to $500 each. This amount is much below the minimum allowed by the General Conference, but the income of the Society, though in advance, as stated in our last issue, will not allow the Board to exceed the sum named.

From all parts of the extensive fields there came pressing claims for additional grants, but, every item was carefully examined and wherever it was possible, reductions were made. Newfoundland Conference appeared to the Board to be deserving of special sympathy, owing to the almost entire failure of the fisheries in that country. There was a special grant of $500 allowed to relieve pressing necessities, and the amount of grants asked for were allowed in full.

Large amounts were allowed on account of house rents and removals of Missionaries. This year, in consequence of the great number of Missionaries sent to the North-West, the amount was larger than usual, as it exceeded $14,000. If parsonages could be secured, and long removals avoided, a considerable portion of this item might be saved. The Indian and French Missions were granted $12,545. The Missionary Districts were allowed $27,476, while $39,565 was the total amount appropriated to Domestic Missions in the six Annual Conferences.

The Publication Account and the office expenses were the subject of earnest discussion when it was clearly proved that these were much less than similar expenses of any other Missionary Society in the world. The General Secretary is allowed $2,200, and the assistant-Secretary and the Accountant $1,200 each; $2,700 had been paid during the past year for interest and discount. If the friends of the Society would pay their subscriptions at an earlier period than hitherto, say before Christmas, a large portion of this item might be saved.

The Rev. Lachlin Taylor, D. D., a former Secretary of the Society having recently been called to his reward, a resolution in acknowledgement of his services was adopted.

An application was made from Japan for the General Secretary and Lay-Treasurer to visit that country, but in the present state of the funds of the Society this was impossible.

The Board, after being in session for four days, adjourned to meet next year in Kingston. All the sessions were harmonious. Of course there was occasionally a diversity of opinion, but great cordiality prevailed. It is hoped that, as the country has generally enjoyed a state of great commercial prosperity, that the income of the Society will be greatly augmented. The Rev. Thomas Crosby, with his heroic wife, are on a visit to Ontario, and no doubt his address at Missionary meetings will greatly enkindle the true Missionary spirit. Mrs. Crosby has already attended a meeting of the Ladies' Missionary Society, in Hamilton, where her thrilling tales respecting their work among the native women, at Port Simpson, produced a powerful effect. It was gratifying to the Board to know that the ladies in several cities are becoming alive to this work, and it is hoped that the time is not far distant when female Missionaries will be sent to Japan and elsewhere, under the auspices of the Ladies' Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada.

Durirg the sessions of the Central Board, Dr. Rice read a letter from Dr. Young, detailing a Missionary tour which he had recently made among some new settlements. On the Sabbath he held a Quarterly Meeting, and then drove twenty miles and held another service. He met with a cordial reception everywhere, and found some good openings for Missionaries. Some liberal contributions were given and lots were offered for the erection of churches. The Chairmen, in Manitoba, do a great deal of pioneer work, and thus prepare the way for the settlement of Missionaries.

The Rev. J. G. Laird, President of Toronto Conference, was recently visited by Mr. Batson, President of the Copper Mines on the Michipicoton Island, who promised a liberal support towards a Missionary to labor among the employees on the island. To meet the wishes of Mr. Batson, the President recently held an Ordination Service, at Collingwood, when the Rev. J. Morgan, a probationer, was set apart to the full work of the Ministry and removed from his late field of labor, Korah, to Michipicoton. This will therefore be a new mission. Special grants were also made by the Central Board on behalf of the lumbermen who are far away from church influences. Such enterprises are truly commendable.

☞ Our friends, we trust, will not fail to read the announcement for the coming year—the best we ever made—in our advertising pages, and then remit promptly their subscriptions—with that of some neighbour or friend, if possible—for 1882.—ED. METH. MAGAZINE.

BOOK NOTICES.

Commentary on the Old Testament. Vol. VI., Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Solomon's Song. D. D. WHEDON, L.L. D., Editor. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 12 mo., p.p. 557. Price, $2.25.

This great popular commentary is approaching completion and we venture to say will be found the best apparatus extant for the study by the people of the Word of God. It is brief, yet full; concise but not meagre. It is sufficiently critical for the scholar, yet sufficiently popular for the unlearned reader, and is so cheap that it brings the latest results of Biblical scholarship within the reach of all.

The books included in the present volume are of very special interest. Sacred poetry never soared to sublimer heights than in the Book of Job. The profoundest wisdom was never uttered in more sententious aphorisms than in the Books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes. Never was the ennobling passion of love more exquisitely portrayed than in the matchles Song of Songs. The Book of Psalms has been omitted from this volume that it may be complete in one now passing through the press.

Dr. J. K. Burr is the author of the commentary on the Book of Job, which occupies more than half of this volume. He holds that the book is strictly historical, and neither mythical nor a blending of the allegorical and historical. Its language and tone indicates a very early origin, but neither its date nor authorship can be demonstrated. A number of valuable exercises and Assyrian and Egyptian reliefs illustrate the subject.

Dr. W. Hunter, who died in 1877, treats the Book of Proverbs. He discusses with a conservative result, the authorship and date of the book. Many difficulties of this ancient Hebrew book of wisdom are elucidated.

Dr. A. B. Hyde is the author of the commentary on Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon. He believes that both were written by Solomon. The latter he interprets as a literal love poem, leaving to others the allegorical and typical interpretations.

Legends and Tales of the Harz Mountains. By TOOFIE LAUDER; cr. 8vo. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: W. Briggs. Price, $1.50.

The wild yet lovely region of the Harz Mountains is the very home of strange legends and romantic tales. Every picturesque cliff or crag, every ruined castle, every ivy-mantled ancient church or abbey has its story of romance or chivalry, or of strange enchantment. The subterranean mining industries of the Harz give rise to fantastic tales of drawfs and gnomes, *berggeists* or mountain-spirits, mine-kings with their halls of splendour, their diamond thrones and treasures of gold and precious stones; of beautiful mine-maidens and fairy-banquets. As the peasant listens, beside his ingle nook, to the roaring of the night winds in the pine forest, he recounts the weird legend of the Wild Huntsman who besought his Maker to permit to him to hunt till the judgment day, and so age after age he sweeps on the wings of the tempest through the midnight forest. And in the hoot of the night owl is heard the cry of a nun, false to her vows, who for ever accompanies the spectral huntsman on his stormy ride. According to Mrs. Lauder another version of the legend makes the Wild Huntsman the god Woden of the Norse mythology. But on the introduction of Christianity he becomes the Foul Fiend, then the godless hunter, and finally the Wandering Jew. Only on Christmas night may he rest in his unending flight, and then only when he can find a plough in the field on which he may sit down.

Other of these legends have a religious or mythological significance as that of the fair Brunhilda on her snowy steed, pursued by the Northland giant on his coal-black fire-eyed horse—perhaps a myth of the endless pursuit of night and day. This old folk-lore has a singular fascination and contains the materials for a hundred romances and poems. Indeed many of the tales read like translations of quaint German ballads, as perhaps they are. But beside these tales of the fairy folk are others, from history or tradition. Such is the grand legend of the old Kaiser Barbarossa, sitting enchanted in the subterranean marble halls of the Kyffhauser till the fall of Napoleon and freedom of Germany set him free. Such, too, is the true and tragic story of Charlotte, Princess of Wolfenbuttel; such the touching tale of the young brides, widowed by the Franco-Prussian war, and the tale of love, and sin, and sorrow, of Eva von Trotta, the "White Lady" of Staufenburg.

One is struck with the prominent part which the Evil One, and his imps and allies, the witches and warlocks and goblins play in these weird legends. There is something very uncanny, too, about the tales of the enchanted snake maidens. But the fancies are chiefly poetic and beautiful, especially the stories of the elfin folk. The accomplished authoress has entered with a keen sympathy into the spirit of these stories which she recounts with much poetic grace and skill. We had the pleasure of favorably reviewing the extremely graceful book of travel "Evergreen Leaves," anonymously published by the same writer a few seasons ago. We feel a patriotic pride that a Canadian and Toronto lady—the author is the wife of A. W. Lauder, Esq., M. P., of this city—has added another valuable contribution to Canadian literature—for such we will consider it, though written in Germany, published by a London house, and dedicated by special permission to Queen Margherita, of Italy. It will afford charming reading for the holidays.

The Life and Speeches of the Right Honourable John Bright, M.P. By GEORGE BARNETT SMITH; with portraits, two vols. in one, cr. 8vo, pp. 312 and 381. New York: Armstrong & Co. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $2.75.

This is the book of the season. It says much for the enterprise of our Book and Publishing House, that it controls the entire sale for the Dominion. This edition is, we believe, a *fac-simile* of the English edition, which sells for £1 4s. stg. More even than Mr. Gladstone, John Bright has been for the last forty years the great popular exponent of liberal opinion in England. He is a man of the people. Addressing a great meeting of mill-workers, he said: "I am a working-man as much as you. My father was as poor as any man in this crowd." He left school at fifteen to work in a warehouse, and all his subsequent education was that best of all education—self-education. Yet this man became the most silver-tongued orator of the English-speaking race, and, better still, the great popular tribune—the champion of the rights of England's poor, and the redresser of their wrongs.

The stirring story of the battle of the anti-Corn Law League is brilliantly told, and in this righteous war Bright won his earliest laurels and his grandest fame. In his first election address, he said to the men of Durham: "I implore you—on my bended knees I would ask you—to claim for your families the right to have that cheap and wholesome food which a merciful and wise God has provided for rich and poor." In his first speech in Parliament he said: "I protest against the injustice of a law that enriches the rich and cares nothing for the poor." His entire after-career was one of similar disinterested benevolence. The victory of the League is described as a "nobler one than that of Waterloo," and few, it is said, rejoiced at it more than the Queen.

During the war-madness of the nation, at the time of the Crimean

campaign, Bright protested earnestly against what he believed a wicked war :—"You profess to be a Christian nation," he said in Parliament, "and worship Him who is the 'Prince of Peace!' Is this a reality? Is your Christianity a romance?" And he went on to appeal to the country—to "labour earnestly for the fulfilment of the prophecy of the time—the blessed time—when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." But he was overwhelmed with obloquy. He was burned in effigy and defeated at Manchester. But soon the dread tragedy of the Crimea opened the eyes of the nation to the impolicy as well as injustice of the war, and the tide turned greatly in his favour. In a House, three-fourths of whose members wore mourning, he said : "I am a plain and simple citizen, and if mine were a solitary voice raised amid the din of arms, I have the priceless consolation that no word of mine has tended to promote the spilling of a single drop of my country's blood." His words had much weight in securing peace. What gave them weight was their intense sincerity—their moral earnestness. The speaker lived "as ever in the Great Taskmaster's eye." He "feared God and feared only Him." He rose above party politics "to the purer air and brighter skies of patriotism and philanthropy." In the great questions of the last forty years—the questions of Free Trade, India, Ireland, Russia, the American War, the *Alabama* case, Parliamentary Reform, Disestablishment, he was often on the unpopular side—in advance of his times. But in almost all of these the nation has come round to his view. It is marvellous to find how familiar this man—who left school at fifteen—is with the great classics of all languages, and how apt are his quotations from Shakespeare, Milton, and Dante, the great poets of the past, and especially from the English Bible, which most of all has formed his noble style. The life of Bright is the story of English civilization for the forty grandest years of its history, with the added interest of a personal human sympathy. "He takes rank," says his biographer in his closing words, "with the Pyms, the Hampdens, the Miltons, and other incorruptible great men of the past, who in times of difficulty and peril have unswervingly fought the battle of freedom and asserted the liberties of England."

Toward the Sunrise. Being Sketches of travel in Europe and the East, with a memorial sketch of the Rev. William Morley Punshon, LL.D. By HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D. Pp. 459. With Illustrations. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The readers of the *Guardian* have all been greatly delighted with the admirable letters of travel with which the Rev. Hugh Johnston, during the early part of this year, enriched its pages, and Methodist hearts throughout the world have been deeply touched by the story from his pen of the last hours of his honoured friend, the Rev. Dr. Punshon, to whom in his last journey he was permitted to minister cheer and comfort. At the request of many friends, Mr. Johnston has been induced to greatly enlarge those letters, adding much new matter descriptive of his visit to England, his travels through Europe, and his journeyings in Egypt and Palestine. And he has added a more full and adequate memorial of Dr. Punshon, than any which has elsewhere appeared.

Mr. Johnston is one of the most vivacious and attractive of writers. He has a keen sense of the beautiful in nature and in art, and he describes his emotions with a poet's pen. He throws such a living interest into his narrative that we become his companions in travel and gaze upon the wondrous scenes of the orient through his sympathetic eyes. We can bear personal testimony to the photographic fidelity of his descriptions. And his well-stored mind brings up the manifold associations, sacred and secular, which add such a wondrous interest to those old historic lands. The book is copiously illustrated and will form a very admirable Christmas gift.

My Boy Life. In a succession of True Stories. By JOHN CARROLL, D. D. Pp. 288.

Yet another book from the prolific pen of our dear old friend, Dr. Carroll—and as full of life and interest as any he ever wrote. We once asked the Doctor how he so wonderfully preserved his vivacity. "Bless you, brother," he replied, "it preserves me." And there was a deal of philosophy in this answer. "A merry heart doth good like a medicine"—better than most medicine, we should say—and much pleasanter. If the Doctor will pardon us we will take the liberty of suggesting that a better title would be, "Recollections of Boyhood by an Old Boy," for we know of no one who preserves so fully the glad, guileless happy heart of boyhood as does he. This is a book for boys—both young and grey-headed. Indeed, we think the old boys will enjoy the stories about the early days of Little York even better than the young ones. May the genial writer live long to tell us many more "true stories" like these.

The Stately Homes of England. By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A., and S. C. Hall, F.S.A. In two series. Large 8vo., pp. 400 and 360, with 380 engravings. Extra gilt. New York: R. Worthington. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $8.

This is a really sumptuous book on a fascinating subject. Its elegant engravings and text were prepared for the *Art Journal*—probably the most exquisite art publication of the British press. Over thirty of the most important and interesting of "The Stately Homes of England,"—its old baronial halls and castles—are delineated with pen and pencil. Their picturesque beauties are set forth by the one, and their heroic traditions and romantic legends are recorded by the other. These grand old structures—"speaking of the past unto present"—are a sort of petrified history of their times. No one has wandered through the storied corridors and halls of Warwick Castle, Hatfield House, Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, Belvoir Castle, or Burleigh House, but would like to possess a permanent *souvenir* of their beauties and record of their stirring story. Many Old Country folk in Canada will doubtless desire to renew their acquaintance in these charming pages with scenes with which they were familiar in their youth. And many who are native-born will be glad to learn the aspect and story of those historic structures, where English kings and barons have banquetted, and which Cromwell's cannon have battered. Through the enterprise of the American publisher, this handsome book is offered at a greatly reduced price from that at which they were first published. It will form an admirable gift book for the holidays. Through the courtesy of the publishers we are enabled to present a number of the fine engravings from this volume in forthcoming numbers of this Magazine—which, we are confident, however, will only whet the desire to possess this sumptuous work itself.

Methodist Tune Book. A collection of Tunes adapted to the Methodist Hymn-Book. Pp. 292. Methodist Book and Publishing Houses, Toronto and Halifax. Price $1.

This book has been eagerly waited for, and has been already very warmly welcomed. It is the necessary complement of the New Hymn-Book. It will help to make that unrivalled collection of hymns still more familiar to our people. From the labour which has been bestowed, the ability of the Committee, and the able editorship of the Rev. Dr. J. A. Williams, we think that this will be found the best collection of tunes for Methodist worship ever issued in this country, or, indeed, in any other. The noblest compositions of the world have been laid under contribution in preparing this book. Among the great composers whose productions are used, are Handel, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Hadyn, Beethoven, Luther, Dr. Mason, Tallis, Dr. Dykes, Dr. S. S. Wesley, Sir J. Elvey, Dr. Burney, Dr Nares. Arne, Sir W. S. Bennett Novello, Dr. Spohr, Sir A. Sulivan, Dr. Gauntlett, Sir J. Goss, Sir G. Smart, and such musical *connoiseurs* as Prince Albert, Dean Stanley, W. E. Gladstone, and others.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Words by DR. J. G. HOLLAND. Music by J. FORWARD, Iroquois, Ont.

Andante.

1. There's a song in the air, and a star in the sky;
And a mother's deep pray'r, and an in-fant's low cry,
And the star pours its light where the beau-ti-ful sing,
For the man-ger in Beth-le-hem cradles a King.

2 In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearl'd,
And their song from afar
Has swept o'er the world;
Ev'ry heart is a flame,
And the beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nations.
That Jesus is King.

3 We rejoice in that light
And we echo that song
That comes down thro' the night
From that beautiful throng,
And we shout to the lovely
Evangel they bring,
And we bow at the throne
Of our Saviour and King.